



1929-1930



Eschel Gibson  
Division 6 Room 5  
V.H.S.



# The Camosun

YEAR 1929-1930



Victoria High School

Ex Libris

This belongs to any one but



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*L. Patear  
Holland.*

*Will M. P. H.*  
*Jack Bulinckx*

# THE CAMOSUN

VOLUME XXII.

JUNE 1930

NUMBER 1

## EDITORIAL STAFF

**Editor-in-Chief** - - - Jack Bulinckx (6)

**Literary Editors:** Jack Grant (6); Marjorie Landman (1)

**Assistant Editors:** Kathleen Baker (1); Paul Henderson (8)

**Art Editor:** Jack Bulinckx

**Exchange:** Jack Parnall (16)

**Humour:** Arthur Fields (6)

**Boys' Sports:** Orville Findlay (1)

**Girls' Sports:** Alice Taylor (5)

**Chief Reporter:** James Petch (3)

**Business Manager:** Alec Marling (3)

**Advertising Managers:** H. Dawson, L. Wallace, E. Sayer, F. Gibbs,  
E. Harrison, M. Horne

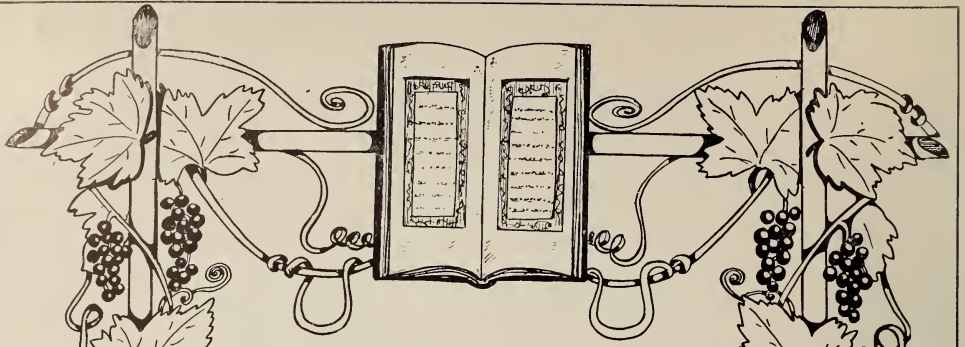
**Staff Representatives:** Miss Grant, Mr. Dee



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*Ray Baker*



## Valedictory

As we stand for the last time on this threshold endeared by all the associations of the past three years, there comes to us the inevitable sadness of departure. We are, however, eager to press on to new goals, for beyond these portals lie broader vistas of education, in college or in practical life. But looking back over these years of pleasure and profit, we realize that in saying goodbye to the staff and our schoolmates we are leaving behind some of the best friends and happiest hours we shall ever have. Whether our interests have lain along academic, athletic, or cultural lines—whether our contribution to school life has been great or small, we must all recognize the very real contribution the school has made to the life and character of each of us. To each the High School has given a different record, but to all its message has been the same—of higher ideals and broader views; of sportsmanship; of patriotism, and of world-citizenship. And now, as we go out into the world to seek success, let us carry with us, let us put into practice that message. Only thus may our teachers be repaid for their wholehearted interest and unselfish efforts; thus may the highest purpose of the School be fulfilled.

—Mildred Janes.

## Principal's Foreword



THE publication of this Annual marks virtually the completion of another academic year and the passing out of the School of another graduating class. To the members of that class it is now my duty to say a word of farewell.

As we stand for a moment and review the three years you have spent here, we see many achievements of which we may be justly proud. During the past year, especially, the School has gained in prestige; its name, through successes in many departments of our activities, has been carried forward to still greater honour. For this, I wish to thank all who have worked so ungrudgingly, and, especially, the officers and members of the Students' Association, which has again

completely justified its existence by presiding with such wisdom and success over the general affairs of the student-body.

And now, as you go out to face new problems in your chosen field of our great Canadian community, we trust that you may face your tasks with courage, patience, tolerance for the views of others, and devotion to truth. It is our sincerest hope that your time with us may have fortified your life and character, and that, as you remember your School, it will always be difficult to do a base, mean thing and easier to choose the noble and true.

—Ira Dilworth.





#### EDITORIAL STAFF

Back—A. Edwards, D. Kennelly, P. Henderson, F. Gibbs, L. Wallace  
 Middle—A. Taylor, J. Grant, E. Sayer, A. Fields, M. Horne, E. Harrison  
 Front—G. Landman, O. Findlay, H. Dawson, J. Bulinckx, A. Marling, J. Petch, H. Baker

## = EDITORIAL =

As our term draws to a close, with it ends another banner year for the High School. All ventures of the students have so far been very successful indeed, and it is sincerely hoped by the Editorial Staff that this Annual will prove the same.

Perhaps the most outstanding student activity of the past year was the Model Assembly of the League of Nations. It has won for us widespread recognition and the distinction of having been the first High School to transform this splendid idea into reality. Its success must have been exceedingly gratifying to all who assisted in its presentation.

The event next in prominence, the Matric. play, proved a decided achievement. This year the Matrics produced Barrie's whimsical comedy, "A Kiss for Cinderella." The efficient direction of Miss Cameron, the publicity and



fine scenic effects presented by the Art Club, the musical assistance of the orchestra under Mr. Green and the fine interpretation of all roles contributed to make it an outstanding success.

This year the Portia-Beta Delta debate was won by the girls. The event attracted a great deal of attention and it was not without an admirable fight that the boys went down to defeat. Both societies have worked hard during the year and have greatly augmented the interest of the students in public speaking and debating.

The Art Club, although lacking in numbers, has put forth some excellent work this year. Some very noteworthy examples are to be found elsewhere in this issue.

We would like to welcome this year a new organization which since its inception has proved very popular; we speak of the Model Airplane League. We sincerely hope its success will continue.

As usual, our athletic teams, whether or not victorious, have always maintained a fine standard of sportsmanship. Our Soccer, Rugby, Hockey and Basketball teams have all done great credit to the School.

The Students' Council have managed the affairs of the school with customary efficiency this year under the able guidance of their President, Kenneth Ross, and their adviser, Mr. Webber.

It was with sincere and deep regret that the student body and her former fellow-teachers solemnized the passing of Miss Moore, an exceedingly valued member of the faculty. Miss Moore was head of the Commercial department and she held the high esteem of all students with whom she came in contact. Her presence in the School will be greatly missed.

In conclusion, the Editorial Staff wish to thank, in no small measure, those who have financially aided this publication by advertising within its pages. We hope that the School will look with favour upon this Annual of 1930; and that the Matrics in whose interest it is published will find it in the future an attractive "remembrancer" of School Days.

—J. B.

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Miss Macleod, the Dean of Girls, is to be congratulated on having obtained and arranged this term the long-hoped-for Girls' Hospital Room. In a school of this size such a room is an absolute necessity. Now, the unhappy possessors of broken heads and sprained ankles have a quiet corner where they may Rest In Peace!



## In Memoriam



**MISS LOUISE A. de WOLFE MOORE**

For more than ten years, Louise A. de Wolfe Moore was a member of the teaching staff of Victoria High School. During that time she brought her work in the class-room to a degree of care, skill and enthusiasm that was a constant challenge to her colleagues: her many labours of love outside the class-room she approached with an untiring energy and versatility of talent, which were a stimulus and an inspiration to all those students who were privileged to come within the circle of her influence. From what deep springs she herself drew the water-of-life which gave such amazing vitality to her personality, who can say? But true it is for the experience of hundreds of young people, that to know her was to receive strength and enrichment of character.

The suddenness of her passing stunned us all at the time, and yet, what more fitting conclusion for her busy life? And how unthinkable tragic would have been a long course of lingering illness, while increasing weakness wasted the energy, the fire and courage which were her outstanding qualities.

"Wayfarers on the dusty road  
By shaded wells, their heavy load  
Undoing, rest awhile and then  
Pass on restored. — What cause for tears,  
O men?"



## “There Passes One—”

(In Memoriam L. A. de W. M.)

Teacher of youth! could the world but know  
What works thy hand hath wrought,  
    What souls inspired;  
What flaming brands thy words have flung  
    Across the path of wrong;  
Then would thy name be wreathed in song,  
    Be writ among the stars.

Thy work, a glorious temple, slow  
And patiently was wrought,  
    With vision fired,  
Unfaltering through years of care;  
    And as we worship these  
Its shrine of gold, its chancel fair  
    No selfish purpose mars.

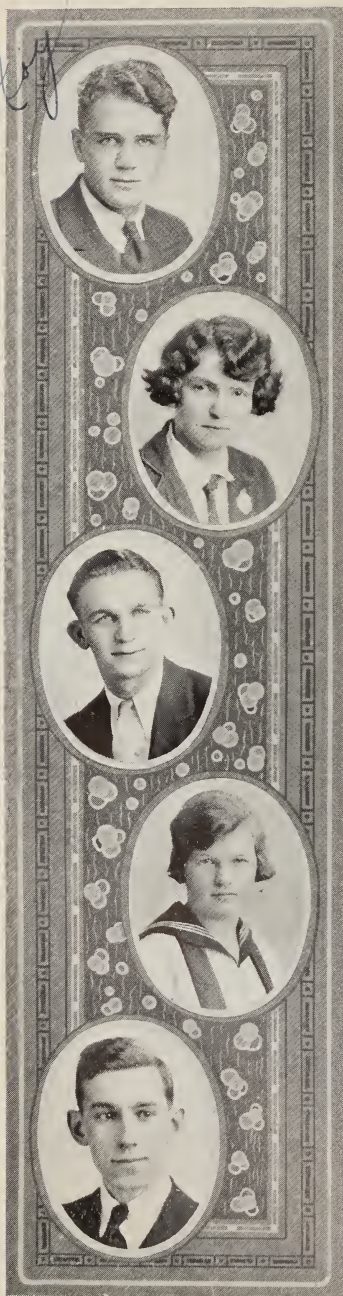
Sower of all good seeds, ah, never shalt thou see  
The fruit divine that had its root in thee.  
Brave, brave high heart! thy sacrifice  
Has been thy last great gift of life  
    On that high altar—Truth.

Since thou, dear friend, hast passed beyond our ken,  
Of all the heaped-up honours paid by men  
One simple tribute may we lay  
In sorrow, at thy grave today;  
We can but say, “There passes one  
Was known and loved of youth.”

—Mildred Janes.



## ... IDOLS ...



**ROY LUND:** "Sir, I had rather be right than be President!"

Roy occupies with great dignity the position of Vice-President of the Students' Council and is therefore Business Manager of that body. He is the champion ticket-seller of the school and before any function may always be heard murmuring over the seating plan of the auditorium to some reluctant purchaser, "Absolutely the best seats in the house!" But where Roy most brilliantly shines is in sports. Where our rugby or soccer teams would be without him, nobody knows. May we add, he is also a stern (?) and conscientious prefect.

**CATHERINE ALEXANDER:** "Silence is one of the great arts of conversation."

As Secretary of the Students' Council, "Kay" has had the opportunity to show her fine ability as a stenographer. She is one of the most popular members of Division 7.

**JAMES PETCH:** "He hath a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels."

Personality plus—in plus-fours, Jimmy's chief ambition (as reported by himself) is "To be a street-sweeper, as that business is always picking up." Favourite expression:—"Let me think." A familiar sight about the school is the spectacle of Jimmy going into conference with himself (usually surrounded by an admiring audience). Term's activities:—Track star, valued member of the rugby and basketball teams, prefect, "Danny" in the Matric. play, and Chief Reporter for The Camosun.

**ISOBEL GIBSON:** "Variety is the spice of life."

Isobel's ideal is apparently to be "like Caesar's wife, all things to all men"! Her activities are many and varied. Behind the cafeteria counter, in the classroom, on the debating platform, she is at all times a most useful (and ornamental) member of society. She was one of the winning team in the Portia-Beta Delta debate and is a devoted Prefect.

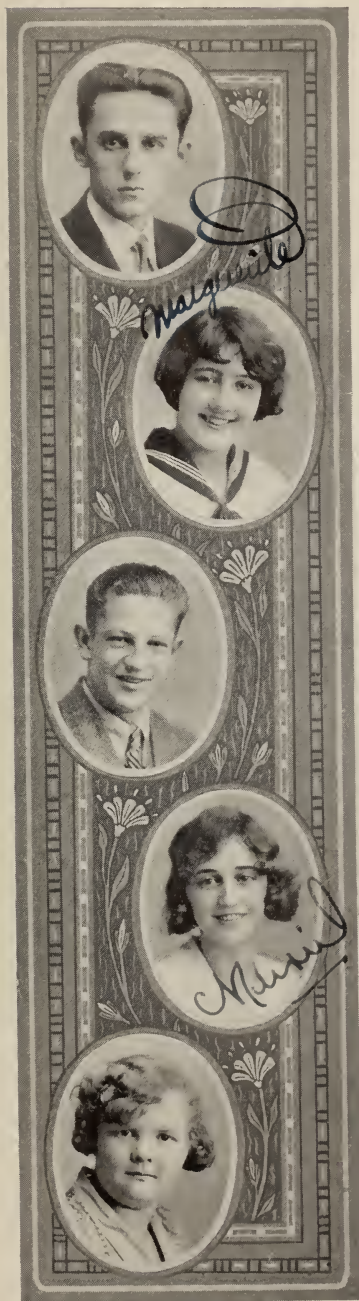
**KENNETH ROSS:** President of the Council.

"Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Ken is one of those who "have greatness thrust upon them." But no amount of public life can destroy his natural modesty or dull his keen sense of humour. As President of the Students' Council he has, this year, given unstintedly of his time and energy for the good of the school. Last year's President of Beta Delta, he has this year given abundant proof of his ability as an orator, his representation of Ramsay Macdonald in the Model Assembly being particularly fine. 'Bye, Ken, and good luck!



## ... IDOLS ...



**CECIL BARNER:** "What means this passionate discourse, this peroration with such circumstance?"

President of the Hi-Y Club, member of the Students' Council, Barner leads a busy life, attending meetings by the hundred. His great passion is oratory. The address which he, as Dr. Nansen's secretary, delivered before the Model Assembly of the League of Nations showed his talent.

**MARGUERITE JEEVES:** "Heaven bless thee! Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on: Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel."

"Masters, the Queen approacheth!" Marguerite is at home in royal circles, being chosen in her first year as May Queen, and in her last year capably performing on very short notice the role of Queen in the Matric. play. She is a good student, a good sport, and undeniably popular.

**JACK BULIN:** "Sirs, I am busy!"

Ordinarily a man of marked "wim, wigor and vitality," our busy Editor-in-Chief has during these last months been distinguished from other men by his furrowed brow and harassed air. The task of extracting write-ups from various reluctant sources, or reading proof, and of planning the arrangement of the various departments of this magazine has been no light one. In his spare (!) moments Jack has been a valued member of the Art Club, and an outstanding debater.

**MURIEL DAVENPORT:** "Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."

Muriel has been an outstanding student throughout her High School career. She is one of the most gifted debaters at the "High," and Past President of Portia. She won for herself new laurels this year by her charming portrayal of the leading role in "A Kiss For Cinderella." She is a member of Division 1's illustrious "Quartette."

**KATHLEEN BAKER:** "Vidth and visdom always goes together."

Kathleen has forgotten more than most of us will ever know. We wish she would reveal to us that gentle art of making an average of ninety. It can't be by burning the midnight oil, for she took the part of Dr. Bodie in the Matric. play this year, she is an Assistant Editor of The Camosun, she has for the past two years been an active member of the Students' Council, and she has at odd times been a leading light in Portia and in the Choir. Oh yes, in between times, too, she plays the piano and is a successful authoress! How DOES she do it?

## ... IDOLS ...



### FRANCES GIBBS:

Frances, the Class President of the illustrious Division 2, has this year captained the school hockey team and the class basketball team. She is a good tennis-player and an all-round good sport. She hopes to go to Normal. We wonder why!

### ALEXANDER MARLING: "Scots Wha Hae."

Sandy has been one of the busiest individuals at the school this year. Besides being Chairman of the Dramatics Committee of the Students' Council, and therefore, stage-manager of the Matric. play, he is Business Manager of this illustrious magazine. His remarkable abilities in public-speaking resulted in his taking the role of President of the Model Assembly, besides which he was one of Beta Delta's representatives in the Portia-Beta Delta debate. In spite of his activity in school functions he manages to head his class with remarkable averages. Sandy enjoys the position of Head Prefect, and duly exercises his privileges by always appearing late for registration!

### ALICE TAYLOR: "Do you not know I am a woman, and that when I think I must speak?"

As a member of the Students' Council and captain of the girls' basketball team, Lady Alice has not many idle moments. We wonder whether such a bundle of energy would know what to do with an idle moment. She was in the Matric. play, and is Girls' Sports Editor for The Camosun.

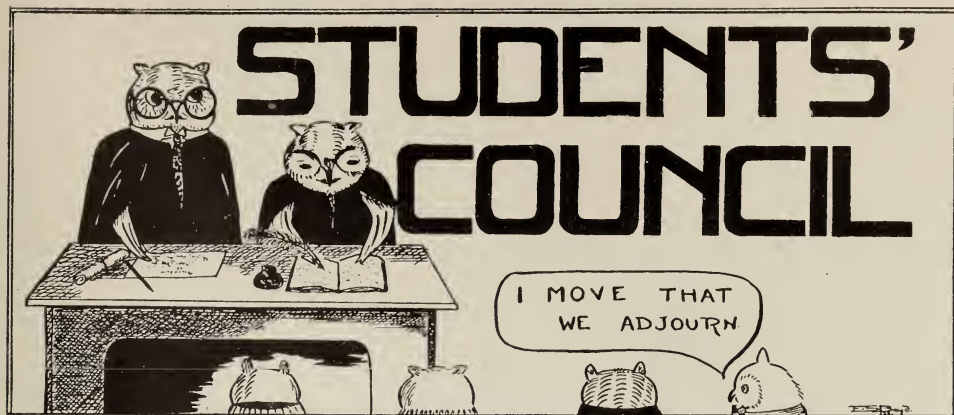
### ROWLAND HORSEY: "He's got it!"

A most reliable person from the practical point of view. In his rubber-soled shoes and shirt-sleeves he made a most efficient Stage-Electrician on the occasion of both the Christmas and Matric. plays. The possession of "IT" has undoubtedly contributed to his success as a valuable member of the Social Committee of the Students' Council.

### AGNES PHILLIPS: "The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

"Aggie" is a Prefect. But that doesn't stop anyone (even the Prelims.) from liking her. She does her work well and is a favourite with teachers and classmates alike. Throughout the year she has upheld Portia, being chosen in the first elections as Matric. Representative, and in the second as Secretary.





THE Students' Council has just completed another successful year. Due to the co-operation of the various committees, a great deal of work has been accomplished satisfactorily. The success of the Students' Council is largely due to the enthusiastic help and encouragement received from Mr. Webber, Staff Adviser.

The student body this year has surpassed all former records by giving the Finance Committee a generous response. In this satisfactory condition the Council got under way.

All the committees have had a good year, with gratifying results. The Social Committee, composed of Marguerite Jeeves, Carol Copeland, Rowland Horsey and Paul Henderson, have on many occasions entertained athletic teams from Brentwood, Vancouver, and other schools. They have also held several dances, which were attended by many students.

The Athletic Committee, composed of Alice Taylor, Ted Colgate and Bruce MacMurchie, have had a busy year. The Boys' Basketball and Rugby Teams have had a successful year, marred unfortunately by several accidents. The Girls' Basketball and Hockey Teams have also completed a very busy year. New athletic equipment and outfits have been purchased and this expense was partly defrayed by the staging of several basketball games.

The Music and Dramatics, and Public Speaking Committees, composed of Kathleen Baker, Deans Cameron, Roy Gibbs, Alex. Marling and Cecil Barner, worked hard for the production of "Why the Chimes Rang" and "A Kiss For Cinderella." The Matric. Play attained the greatest success of any play yet staged. One of the most difficult items which faced the Committee at the beginning of the year was the debt on the Electrola. This has now been fully paid.



# STUDENTS' COUNCIL

**Top Row**—Kathleen Baker, Keith Firth, Norman Manson, Jean Stewart, Roy Gibbs (Music), Dorothy Watson (Portia), Lloyd Patterson (Modern History), Joan Pears, Paul Henderson, Marguerite Jeeves.  
**Middle Row**—Rowland Horsey (Social), Gwen Addison, Douglas Stoddart (Beta Delta), Muriel Davenport (Portia), Cecil Barner (Public Speaking), Carol Copeland, Horace Dawson (Beta Delta), Alice Taylor, Ted Colgate (Athletics).  
**Front Row**—Alex Marling (Dramatics), Catherine Alexander (Secretary), Mr. W. H. Webber (Staff Adviser), Kenneth Ross (President), Mr. Ira Dillworth (Principal), Roy Lund (Vice-President), Miss A. W. Eaton (Treasurer), Jack Bulinek (Publications).





The staging of the Model Assembly of the League of Nations deserves honourable mention. It has been lauded by many people as being unique. Lloyd Paterson is the president of the Modern History Society.

The Beta Delta Society has had a very successful year, with David Stodart and Horace Dawson as presidents. The Portia Society has accomplished much this year under the presidencies of Muriel Davenport and Dorothy Watson.

The Publications Representative, Jack Bulinckx, carried on successfully the work of his committee.

Through the efforts and generosity of the students of the Victoria High School, more than seventy needy persons were cared for at Christmastime.

Both the Gym Circus and the Gym Display, held during the year, were very successful.

The Annual Swimming Gala of the School was given enthusiastic support by the students. Division 21 donated a Challenge Cup to be competed for annually at the Gala.

Division 8 also donated a cup to be competed for annually in the Junior year.

We sincerely wish to thank all those who have devoted so much of their valuable time towards making this year one of the most successful years in the history of the School. We thank you all.

—Catherine Alexander, Secretary.

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## Alumni Win Honours

**I**T would be unfitting to let pass without comment the distinction won this year by two former pupils of this school.

Miss Edith M. Lucas, who matriculated from Victoria High in 1922, going on to the University of British Columbia was successful in winning the coveted Walter C. Nicholl French Scholarship enabling her to spend three years studying in Paris. This year she has been successful in obtaining her "Doctor's" degree at the Sorbonne.

Mr. Eric Gordon, graduate of this school in 1913 and now a Professor at Leeds University, has been made "Knight of the Falcon" by the King of Denmark in recognition of the valuable research work he has done on Icelandic Literature and the widespread interest he has succeeded in creating in that subject.



THE MATRIC PLAYERS



## Matric Play

**T**HIS year the Matrics excelled themselves in a convincing presentation of the play "A Kiss for Cinderella" by Sir J. M. Barrie.

Their triumph was all the greater when one takes into consideration the exacting demands Barrie plays in general make on the actors. They being most whimsical and imaginative, a great deal of the enjoyment one derives from such a play naturally depends on the skill in presentation.

The pathetic story of the little slavey's trials, meagre pleasures, and crowning happiness, was rendered highly effective by the delightful work of Muriel Davenport as Cinderella, Robert Carey as the youthful policeman-hero and Horace Dawson as the artist, Mr. Bodie. John Merritt and others went over especially well in the ballroom scene; John's "Oyez!" rang throughout our lofty halls for many days. Jimmy Petch was a "wow" in the comedy part of "Danny." Kathleen Baker was singularly effective as the somewhat domineering Dr. Bodie in the same scene.

But the play's success does not lie entirely with the actors by any means, creditable as their portrayals were. Much of the praise goes to Miss Ella Cameron, director and general producer manager, assisted by efficient and conscientious assisting committees.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Green, did great credit to the musical talent of the school at both performances. What actually came most forcibly to the attention of the students before the actual performance was the splendid publicity rendered by the Art Club. The makers of the many posters are to be commended highly. The scenic effects were alike impressive at both presentations.

Probably the most gratifying feature to all connected with the play was the outstanding financial success of the event, made possible through the splendid co-operation of numerous city concerns who so obligingly supplied articles necessary for stage-settings.

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### FUTILITY

All remarked on the sorrowful mien  
Of a young Matric, aged seventeen.  
"When I think of exams,  
And the way that one crams,"  
Said he, "I don't feel very keen."





## Exchanges

Among the magazines which we have received are :

"Telephone Talk"—B. C. Telephone Co.

A good magazine.

"Acta Nostra"—G.C.V.I., Guelph, Ont.

An attractive cover. Your cartoons are exceptionally good.

"Analecta"—C.C.I., Calgary, Alta.

A beautiful cover design. Your literary and humour sections are very good.

"The Campbellian"—Campbell College, Belfast, Ireland.

School life is well shown. Humourous sketches and jokes would increase the interest of your work.

"Crescent High Bugle"—Crescent Heights H.S., Calgary, Alta.

Your comic sketches and jokes are splendid, also your literary section.

"The Lantern"—Sir Adam Beck, C.I., London, Ont.

An excellent book from cover to cover.

"Lux Columbiana"—Columbian College, New Westminster, B. C.

You are to be congratulated on your outstanding art and literary sections.

"Nanaimo High School Annual"—Nanaimo, B. C.

A very creditable publication; but why no art work?

"Red and Grey"—Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan.

Your art work is exceptionally good.

"Specula Galtonia"—G.C.I. and V.S., Galt, Ont.

You have a nice cover. The few humourous sketches that you have are very good.

"Tecalogue"—London Technical School, London, Ont.

You have a very attractive cover and your literary section is very good.

"The Technical College Review"—C.T.C., Christchurch, New Zealand.

Your photography is very good, but you could improve your edition by adding jokes and art work.

"The Vulcan"—Central Technical School, Toronto, Ont.

Your art, undoubtedly, is among the best published in school magazines.

"The Explorer"—Point Grey Jr. High, Vancouver, B. C.

A very wide-awake little periodical.

"The Crier"—Windsor Collegiate Institute, Windsor, Ont.

An attractive publication, full of school spirit.



## Division One

### DOROTHY ANDERTON

Our smiling damsel. Official door-opener (and closer) of Room Two. Noted for her ability to keep quiet, in marked contrast to her neighbours.

### KATHLEEN ARMSTRONG

"Gentlemen prefer Blondes." Don't blame her for ranking near the first, she really can't help it. (If ignorance is bliss, how miserable Kathleen must be!)

### KATHLEEN BAKER

See "Idols."

### CECIL BARNER

See "Idols."

### ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

A quiet young lady with an engaging lisp. Her helpful brain-waves in Geometry have saved us from many a sojourn at 3.15.

### ANNA CLARKE

Anna is a crystal from a supersaturated solution of Knowledge. She always has an answer ready. Anna is a most gifted songstress and artist.

### GORDON COOK

Star of the French class (?) Gordon is noted for a wide grin and an earth-shaking laugh.

### VERA COOKSON

Common name—"Cookie."  
Movements—Active.  
Tongue—Very ditto.  
Economic Value—Class President, Camosun Reporter for Portia.

### RUTH CREASY

A weary, overworked student with a look of sober wisdom. The said look seems to impress the teachers greatly.

### MURIEL DAVENPORT

See "Idols."

### JOAN DAWSON

Leading light and guiding star for all aspiring young debaters. She is another of the school's stern prefects. In her spare moments she takes geography!

### LEONARD DENTON

His worst fault is his sense of humour. Len's habit of executing dance-steps all around the room before nine o'clock is somewhat disconcerting.

### MOLLY EDGAR

Our chief source of classical knowledge (i.e. the correct translation of certain passages in Virgil). Tennyson would have approved of Molly's voice.





Leonard Denton



M. Davenport



Leonard Grant



Marjorie Landman



Dorothy Anderton



E. Campbell



Orville Findlay



Kenneth Ross



Vera Cookson



Mary Purdy



Roy Gibbs



George Pringle



Kathleen Meldram



Griffith Jones



Miss R. Grant



Margaret Gower



Anna Clarke



Kathleen Baker



James Muir



Molly Edgar



Rose Lore



Roger Perullet



M. Thompson



Cecil Barner



Marjorie Oliver



Wilfred Pelland



Beverley Grant



Ruth Creasy



John McLaughlin



K. Armstrong



Laurence Wallace



Earl Pollock



Mildred Janes



Joan Dawson



## ORVILLE FINDLAY

Another of these model-aeroplane fiends. His chief problem in life is to find an outlet for his superfluous energy.

## ROY GIBBS

A most talented musician possessed of a remarkable genius for getting into scrapes.

"I'll speak in a monstrous little voice."

## MARGARET GOWER

Whenever we hear Margaret speak, we are reminded of a song called "Sweet and Low." She is the loftiest of Division One's mathematical marvels.

## BEVERLEY GRANT

A member of the notorious "quartette" of Division One's great underworld. Familarly known to all and sundry as "Grant, B."

## LEONARD GRANT

In class circles known as "Tubby"; in musical circles as "Paderewski II." Although he sometimes mingles a little Gaelic with his Latin, Len's a "reg'lar feller" and we wish him all success.

## MILDRED JANES

Meet the future Editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," students. Mildred is, at one and the same time, both noted and notorious—noted for her fine literary ability, notorious for her handwriting! That autograph may be valuable some day, though, if its perpetrator develops the talent we believe her to possess.

## GRIFFITH JONES

A genial soul, he has a habit of wandering into Room 18 at 3.15 to rewrite History tests. Griff is the captain of our football team. What ho!

## MARJORIE LANDMAN

Our class poet. Since she takes a mixed-up sort of course, she does not take History with us on Tuesdays, and since all the History tests seem to come on Tuesdays——!

## ROSE LORE

A quiet, unobtrusive maiden, who becomes very conspicuous when the examination laurels are distributed.

## JOHN McLAUCHLIN

John's ideas are always original. The other day in the Chemistry room, John startled the class by asking the teacher the difference in weight between a pound of slag and a pound of iron!

## KATHLEEN MELDRAM

Vice-President of Portia: our perfect prefect, to whom we wish good luck in June.  
"Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn."

## JAMES MUIR

James' exceedingly innocent expression (which always adorns his face after some particularly nefarious exploit) has saved him from many a sojourn in school after 3.15. Champion peanut-eater of Division 1.

## ESMONDE NIXON

Another of our mathematical fiends. His favourite maxim is "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

## MARJORIE OLIVER

A young person often rendered conspicuous by her absence. Marjorie is noted for her beauteous curly locks.

## WILFRED PELLAND

A youth of impressive physique. As we all know, Wilf. is devoted to the study of English Literature and has frequently been congratulated on his original interpretation of certain poems.

## ROGER PERULLET

Noted for his vocal gymnastics in the French room. Roger's French speech was one of the high spots of the Model Assembly of the League of Nations.





### EARL POLLOCK

Though his stature does not reach to the skies, his handiwork does. In short, Earl is one of these air-minded youths who beguile the time by building model aeroplanes.

### GEORGE PRINGLE

The great basketball star. A likeable youth with a dreamy expression which is somewhat misleading.

### MARY PURDY

Arrives gasping at Room 2 at about one-half a minute to nine every morning. Favourite proverb—"Silence is golden."

### KENNETH ROSS

See "Idols."

### MARGARET THOMPSON

"Blue her eyes as the summer skies."

Another of the quieter brethren (or sisters). She has been known to spend a whole period without saying a word. We wonder how she does it. A successful authoress.

### LAWRENCE WALLACE

Generally to be seen in conjunction with Pelland. Lawrence is another mighty debater, of whom we have quite a few.

## Division Two

### EVELYN BLAND

"Bunty" is one of Division 2's all-round good sports and a firm supporter of Portia. She lives in hopes of becoming a nurse. We wish you luck, Evelyn!

### MURIEL BOOTH

One of the quiet members. Muriel has been to eight schools, so she says little and thinks a great deal.

### HUGHINA BOWDEN

"Hughie" is one of the most cheerful and friendly of our division, and always has a smile for everyone.

### NAN BREWSTER

Nan, another lucky partial. The artist and "nurse" of our division.

### MURIEL DEANE

A cheerful soul and our leading light in Geometry.

### DOROTHY GORDON

"Dorothy Gordon is your name,  
Cumberland was your station.  
Lucky was Victoria High,  
When you made the alteration."

### FRANCES GIBBS

See "Idols."

### HOPE HEWITT

Hope is one of the quiet members of our division. She is well liked by everyone.

### BESSIE HIBBARD

Bessie is one of the lucky students who doesn't have to study Geometry every night. Unlike many members of this class she is industrious and quiet.

### MARGARET HORNE

"Marg" is our popular, curly-headed, Camosun reporter.

"A pleasant maid with a pleasant smile,  
Whose pleasant manner doth all hearts beguile."

### NORAH HOWARD

A good sport. She has never been known to say a cross word to anyone. Lots of luck, Norah!





Dorothy Gordon



Frances Gibbs



H. Bowden



Norah Howard



Muriel Booth



Betty Hibbard



Evelyn Johnston



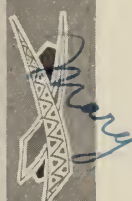
Kathleen Jolly



Eileen Longworth



Margaret Horne



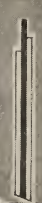
Norma Kinsman



Violet Lin



Miss A.W. Eaton



Joan Mainwaring



Lorna Newcombe



Agnes Phillips



Kathleen Riley



Gwen Williams



D. McNaughton



Kathleen Marshal



Iris Turpel



Edna Sayer



Annas Taylor



Hope Hewett



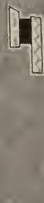
Margery Thomas



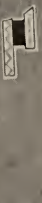
Dorothy Watson



Evelyn Bland



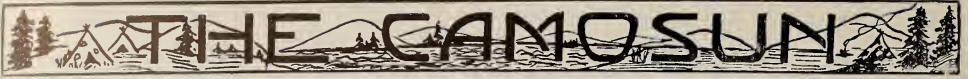
Muriel Deane



Christina Scott



Beverley Vaio



### KATHLEEN JOLLY

"Kay" is exceedingly popular, for she is always willing to lend the small feminine accessories which make life worth while.

### EVELYN JOHNSTON

In studies she's better,  
"In sports she's good,  
But as a friend to us all, she's best!"

Good luck, Evelyn.

### NORMA KINSMAN

One of our lucky partial students and a faithful member of the school hockey team.

### VIOLET LIM

"La petite Chinoise" of Division 2. Violet made a charming picture as a candy-seller in native costume at the Circus.

### EILEEN LONGWORTH

A quiet modest Miss of our division.  
"Success may be in silence  
Though fame may be in song."

### JOAN MAINWARING

She looks demure, but if you know her as we do you'd know better.

### KATHLEEN MARSHAL

Kathleen is our leader in History. She is one of those people we have to look up to.

### DOROTHY McNAUGHTON

"Dot" hails from James Island, where the high explosives come from.

### LORNA NEWCOMBE

Lorna is one of the all-round students of our class. We often wonder why we haven't more like her.

### AGNES PHILLIPS

See "Idols."

### KATHLEEN RILEY

Kathleen hails from Saanich. She is a quiet and industrious student whom everyone likes.

### MARY SAMSON

Mary has had to stay away a lot on account of her health, but that doesn't seem to affect her marks.

"Absence makes the brain grow stronger."

### EDNA SAYER

Edna is one of those dangerous blondes! She is said to be "our ray of sunshine" but is she?

### CHRISTINA SCOTT

Our raven-haired prefect who sets a real example to the students in and out of school. She will surely succeed in whatever she undertakes and be liked by everyone.

### ANNAS TAYLOR

Everyone likes Annas because she is so good-natured. We wish her the best of luck in June.

### MARGERY THOMAS

Although Margery came to us late in the year she startled us with her marks.  
"Thought is deeper than all speech."

### IRIS TURPEL

"Iris intends, with cap and gown,  
To tend sick cases in our town!  
Oh! to be her patient!"

### BEVERLEY VAIO

"Bold, Bright and Beautiful," the star of our class! She is one of the loyal members who not only pulls us up in average but also represented us in the Matric play. Happy only when eating.



#### **DOROTHY WATSON**

"Dot" is one of the popular members of Division 2, also the very efficient president of Portia; and our star in Algebra (believe it or not)? Her greatest ambition is to be able to do her hair up and we believe she is succeeding.

#### **GWEN WILLIAMS**

Gwen came from that rainy city of Vancouver, but brought sunshine with her. Oh! how we love her "pin."

#### **NELLIE RICHARDSON**

Nellie was one of our beloved partial students from the great Metropolis of Sooke, but has recently left our merry midst and returned hence. Good luck, Nellie!

## **Division Three**

#### **DONALD BREWSTER**

One of our number who is eloquent, yet impressive in his silence.

#### **JOHN CASILIO**

A star physicist, to whom the class looks to uphold its honor in that profound subject.

#### **CYRIL CHAVE**

Historian, archaeologist, Alpinist—Cyril made a round-the-world tour as a mere child, and "thereby hangs a tale." He knows much of many lands and many times. With it all Cyril is a good scout from whom we expect great things.

#### **WILLIAM CLARKE**

A wizard at Algebra! How we envy him at times.

#### **VICTOR COOLEY**

Not very much of him, but, as used to be said of Lord Roberts, "He's a terror for his size." The most valuable things are often done up in very small parcels.

#### **ROBERT DERRINBERG**

We feel him to be a "mighty big" problem in our class; but, nevertheless a real good fellow.

#### **WILLIAM FORD**

A practical chap possessing a lot of good common-sense. Watch him: he'll go far.

#### **FRANK FOSTER**

Evidently attended the Conference of "All-Mutts" and since that date has shown a decided distaste for historical knowledge.

#### **MELVIN GLASPELL**

As M. Motta, of Switzerland, in the League of Nations, Melvin made a great impression in Victoria and especially in Vancouver, where he gave the speech in French.

#### **EDWARD HARRISON**

One of our star racket swingers. Highly proficient in clambering over neighbours' fences after lost balls.

#### **ERNEST HATCH**

Ernest Hatch, alias "Scratches," amuses us when standing in line during Gym class. Mr. Roper cleverly compares his pose to that of a London cab horse.

#### **THOMAS HALKET**

Some were born for great things,  
Some were born for small,  
Halket was born for football,  
No doubt about that at all.

#### **HAROLD HERD**

Hats off to Herd! We are forced to acknowledge his superior quality. Too bad there are not many more like him.

#### **CHARLES HOLLAND**

"Still waters run deep." Charlie is not the big noise in our class; but can keep things moving in a Rugby game.





Wilfred Lund



Roy Lund



Harold Shephard



Charles Holland



Thomas Halket



James Petch



Richard Wade



Edward Harrison



William Orchard



Donald Brewster



Alexander Marling



Jack Noble



John Lee



Harold Herd



Mr. W.H. Webber



John Merrett



John Casilio



Ernest Hatch



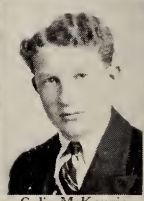
Melvin Glaspell



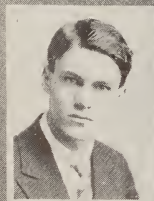
Roy Willson



Jack Neligan



Colin McKenzie



Cyril Chave



William Clark



John Pennington



George Metro



David Wallace



William Hooper



William Ford



Frank Foster



William Leahy



Robert Smith



Gerald Ward



Robert Derrinberg



## **WILLIAM HOOPER**

The most outstanding fact about Hooper is that he is "just a really reliable good student." And he is a sterling good chap as well.

## **WILLIAM LEAHY**

We sometimes think Leahy is a dreamer; but he is a thinker. Hitch your wagon to a star. There's nothing like aiming high.

## **JOHN LEE**

"East is East and West is West,  
And surely the twain have met.  
A more generous-spirited fellow we have never met."

## **ROY LUND**

See "Idols."

## **WILFRED LUND**

Is assiduously following in his elder brother's footsteps. Example is better than precept.

## **ALEXANDER MARLING**

See "Idols."

## **ARCHIE McALLISTER**

I wonder if Mac can tell us this: Is red hair hereditary (hair-red-itary)? He has all the necessary pep and go, however.

## **COLIN McKENZIE**

An Irishman who is not always agin the Government but delights to face the opposing factor in soccer, however.

## **HUGH McLEMAN**

Hugh is outwardly quiet and reserved; but we have reason to believe that he can make lots of noise when the occasion demands.

## **JOHN MERRITT**

"Have you heard that we are not going to have Merritt any longer." "How's that?" "Oh, well, you see, he's long enough."

## **GEORGE METRO**

Demosthenes himself may have shuddered and grown pale in the land of shades as he heard our George speak for Greece at the Model Assembly.

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"

## **JACK NELIGAN**

In the lunch-room Jack believes one good scoop deserves another, and so Division Three prefects emerge with fabulous quantities of ice cream at the lunch hour.

## **JACK NOBLE**

"Oh! 'E's little but 'e's wise"; we find you can't keep a good man down.

## **WILLIAM ORCHARD**

A budding young aeronautical engineer, and amateur playwright. We feel confident he will go to Heaven on high.

## **JOHN PENNINGTON**

Hails from Langford, but his rural activities are shrouded in mystery deep and impenetrable! But talking of Kings! Who will ever forget our John in Cinderella's Ball? And that reminds us—the King's English! John knows how to write it and write it well.

## **JAMES PETCH**

See "Idols."

## **HAROLD SHEPHEARD**

Tall and fair. One blond who is not dangerous, unless you are on the opposing side in basketball.

## **JACK SMITH**

Believe it or not. There is something about Smith which resembles Chesire Cats.



#### ROBERT SMITH

An all-round good chap. Believes in hard work as a means to an end, and keeps good-natured through it all. "Dig deep, pile high."

#### RICHARD WADE

Why doesn't Wade get more marks in Mathematics? Obvious answer; because only 100 marks are possible.

#### GEORGE WALLACE

A quiet unassuming chap. Remember, however, that silent forces are the greatest. We look for a brilliant future for Wallace.

#### GERALD WARD

We are under the impression that Ward is trying to emulate Lew Elder or Torchy Peden in the realms of the "Two-wheel Ford" industry.

#### ROY WILLSON

A good fellow, if something of a Sphinx. Roy has qualities which would insure success at poker.

## Division Four

#### FRED ARNOT

Whatever Fred lacks is made up for in avoirdupois. Fred's favourite subject is chemistry. In this he excels. He is supposed to resemble Napoleon, but this report is not authentic.

#### GORDON ANDERSON

Andy is the quietest boy in Division Four. He must learn wisdom by his silence. His ambition is to be a sailor. Favourite subject—French.

#### KENNETH BILLINGSLEY

The live wire of the class—excels in Maths. A member of the Gym. class.

#### ARCHIE BROADFOOT

A quiet young man, another member of the Gym. class and a good sport.

#### ALEX. CALDWELL

A good student. Noted for his radio activity.

"He thinks too much,  
Such men are dangerous."

#### FRANK COPLEY

Although his hair is of auburn hue he has a sunny disposition. Frank invariably arrives at school at 8.58 a.m.

#### HORACE DAWSON

President "Beta Delta," and a Prefect. Horace is the only "Partial" of our division, yet manages to be one of the most popular members of the class.

#### WINSTON ELFORD

Immaculate—handsome—a charming fellow. A really good athlete and a sport. Win is popular in the football field and in Room 16.

#### TED FOX

Ted is noted for his ready answers to the polite (?) queries of the teachers regarding his homework. Ted has no interest in the fair(er) sex.

#### GEORGE FLORENCE

One whose desire is to become a fireman. Blue coat and brass buttons must be the attraction. In school—well—

In History he sleeps,  
In Chemistry he weeps,  
But in Maths. he's up on his feet.

#### TOM GAUTIER

Our most brainy student, who does not have to worry about taking home his report.

#### JACK GAMON

On the football field his name is "Tangle" for apparent reasons. His one weakness is doing his homework. His studies never seem to bother him.





Walter Kitley



Kenneth Billingsley



Kenneth Overy



Alex Caldwell



Tom McConnell



Emery Lalonde



Karl Kaiser



A. Broadfoot



Austin Wilson



Charles Whitehouse



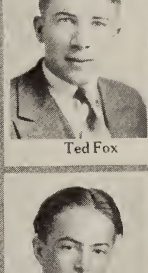
Alex McKeachie



Winston Ellord



Douglas Miller



Ted Fox



Mr. W. Hughes



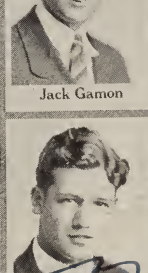
Gordon Johnson



George Florence



Fred Arnot



Jack Gamon



Lloyd Paterson



Alvin Henry



Rowland Horsey



Gordon Anderson



Bob Oliphant



Bob Mabey



Allan Pym



Tom Gautier



Fred Gray



Fred Gilman



**FRED GILMAN**

"Peewee" is the giant of the class. We expect great things of him when he grows up.

**FRED GRAY**

"Camosun" reporter. Fred offers us a pleasing contrast to the rest of turbulent Division Four. His quiet smile is like:

A soothing breeze  
On fevered brow.

**HARRY HEBB**

Does not believe in the old saying, "The loud laugh speaks the vacant mind."

**ALVIN HENRY**

A shrinking violet, but one of the best.

**ROWLAND HORSEY**

See "Idols."

**GORDON JOHNSON**

Gordie only comes to school because of Division 28. He does not let his studies worry him. He intends to be an old man when he leaves school.

**KARL KAISER**

"If nature has gifted a man with powers of argument, he hath the right to make use of them." Some day Kaiser is going to revolutionize Geometry.

**WALTER KITLEY**

One of our quieter members. Walter excels in French and in football, but mostly in French.

**EMERY LALONDE**

A scientist in the making.

**BOB MABEE**

Rugby Captain. Bob is a jolly good rugby player, even though he is quiet in class.

**DOUGLAS MILLER**

The Romeo of our class. Doug's a big hit with the girls, especially blondes.

**TOM McCONNELL**

One who sits back and says nothing, a great philosopher who keeps his philosophy to himself.

**ALEX. MacKEACHIE**

Mac. vies with "Peewee" for first place as smallest boy in the Div. Despite his size Mac's an active member of the senior basketball team, and a first-class athlete.

**BILL OUTHWAITE**

Bill with Doug. can be seen every afternoon after school walking home with his boy (?) friends. Nevertheless Bill is a good student and a sport.

**BOB OLIPHANT**

Our artist. Bob has the natural ability to portray school life.

**KENNETH OVERY**

"Keep smilin! It's a great life if you don't weaken!" We wish Ken the best of luck in the future.

**LLOYD PATERSON**

Our President. We hope a future Lloyd G——.

**ALLAN PYM**

A believer in a working day from 12 to 1 with an hour for lunch.

**CHARLES WHITEHOUSE**

Who spends his spare time travelling around in his Rolls-Royce, and his spare cash in spare parts.

**AUSTIN WILSON**

His abilities are ancient history. He's a conscientious chap, but a good sport.



## Division Five

### MARGARET ALLEN

Whoever saw Alice without Margaret, or Margaret without the odd stick of gum? But this doesn't stick Marg, as she managed to lead the class this month. (One of our prominent blondes).

### MICHISUKI ASHIKAWA

We call him "Ashy" for short. One of the few quiet members of our Division, and a lover of French (?). Good luck, Ashy!

### RUPERT BAINBRIDGE

Pet aversion—cracking up a new smile. That won't get you in the "talkies," old top!

### DOROTHY BOUGHTON

Dot's a peppy little sport, and her special weakness is her eyes (?).

"Hair as black as raven's wings,  
And teeth as white as pearls!"

### PATSY BROOKE

We're sure Pat belongs to the Campbell Soup family for she surely has 57 varieties of moods! One of those **unusual** students who never does any home work!

"Much did I grieve on that ill-fated morn,  
When I was first to school reluctant borne!"

### ROBERT CALDWELL

Robert came to us late in the year and has proved himself a good student. Has a knack of asking questions, and wearing his specs at a "student-like" angle!

### ROBERT CAREY

It's "infallible" that Bob's Irish—proved by red hair 'n' freckles and the fiery Irish spirit.—Q.E.D. But Bob surely made a romantic figure as the "policeman" in the Matric Play. Of course we won't say that he's the same when he's his ordinary Irish self! (Good luck, old boy!).

### HARRY CATHCART

Harry's our "grand" treasurer, and he certainly knows how to keep us all broke, selling us tickets. He has a peculiar whim—that of keeping the janitors at work by breaking all the seats which his "amiable personage" uses in Chemistry. Big stuff, Harry!

### HERBERT CLAGUE

Who dares say Herb isn't a chivalrous youth? Why every day he does his big deed—killing time! We never can fathom why the teachers don't admire such manhood, but they merely sigh over him. Strange!

### ROBERT CLARK

We all want to know why Robert runs away from the fair sex in this dashing age? No "lavendar and old lace" for him! But spare your blushes, boy, for you sure know your Chemistry!

### TED COLGATE

Ted's our big blond athlete; in other words, Apollo never had a chance! Ted has lots of friends (no sex mentioned), is a member of the Students' Council, and a rugby star!

### EDWARD DE BLAQUIERE

We haven't figured out yet whether Ed. is French or Irish. As far as names go—he's French, but as far as wearing green braces and green ties, goes—he's Irish! Yes ma'm! He's a member of the big "ruggers," and his pet aversion is "Mac."

### PHYLLIS ELLIS

Another blonde—and menacing, too!  
A star from out the heaven,  
A violet in a dell,  
And them blue eyes a-lookin' at me—  
Ah me, how can I tell?

### CLARENCE FLEMING

A charming, well-bred "partial youth," who knows at just what angle to wear his hat! Even if gentlemen do prefer blondes we'd warn Clarence to mind his Auburns (not the cars neither).





Bob Carey



Alice Taylor



Walter Scott



Rupert Bainbridge



Dorothy Boughton



Patsy Brooke



"Mac" Leeming



Ted Colgate



David Stoddart



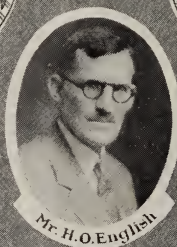
Edw. de Blacquiere



Robert Coldwell



Marguerite Jeeves



Mr. H.O. English



Phyllis Ellis



Alec Hall



Margaret Allan



Clarence Fleming



Nan Quelch



Thelma McFadden



Alf Hoad



Victor Rowson



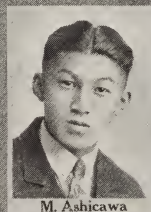
Dorothy McLaren



Harry Cathcart



Lewis Milligan



M. Ashicawa



Muriel Simpson



Robert Clark



Herbert Clague



### ALEX. HALL

After the repeated requests of the fair sex Alex. decided not to grease down his pretty curls! Never mind Alex., you couldn't have taken advice from a better source. "A youth who knows his blondes."

### ALFRED HOOD

Alf's a youth who is much looked up to (being a six-footer), but he's a real good sport, a member of the rugby team, and last, but not least, holds the exalted, coveted, and much desired position of President of Division Five.

### JOHN LEEMING

"Mac" is our big moment—what could we do without his eternal horse-laugh? I ask you! Mac broke his leg upholding the "big cause" of the team, but you can't keep a good guy down, and Mac hobbled back on crutches in time to have his picture taken, in which case he managed to break the camera, and we all had to miss some of our beloved Chemistry, and go and have it taken again! Ah me! But he's a great friend to all the boys—and girls!

### LEWIS MILLIGAN

Lewis's black curls are the envy of all the fair sex! Exalted position, Lewis! He's another member of the rugby team, and a first-class "varsity dragger."

### THELMA McFADDEN

At last we find a lovely brunette amidst the encircling blondes!

"Subtle wiles are in her smiles  
To set the world a-wooing!"

### DOROTHY McLAREN

Dot chases after Margaret for first place, and comes pretty near it—good luck, Dot!

In Geometry she weeps,  
In Chemistry she sleeps,  
But in English she's up on her feet!

### NAN QUELCH

Another blonde! and when Nan breezed into our Div. from back east we all believed that "good presents are found in small parcels."

### VICTOR ROWSON

The answer to a maiden's prayer? When Vic. grows up to be a big man he'll either be a radio announcer or a car salesman—for as far as studies go he sure knows his Essex!

### WALTER SCOTT

Walt. is our "wee brae Scotchman" who doesn't seem to think that Scotch and French go well together—No sir!

### MURIEL SIMPSON

Muriel hails from the big metropolis of Saanich where she claims "contented chickens give contented chicklettes"—now I wonder? Anyway, Muriel knows how to play basketball and hockey.

### DAVID STODDART

Does Dave ever run out of gas? Figure that out by Chemistry; anyway, he was President of the "talkies" at the first of the year, and can we ever get him stopped, in History?

### ALICE TAYLOR

See "Idols."

### DEANIE CAMERON

Our class write-up wouldn't be complete without a note on Deanie Cameron. Our Deanie was one of the most popular, and busy girls in the school, until she had to leave on account of illness. She held a position on the Students' Council, and was President of the Art Club, besides being the Head Prefect of the girls. She was one of the school's best tennis-players. We haven't forgotten her by any means, and we all wish her the best of luck and of health on her return next year!





## Division Six

### HELEN PRENDERGAST

Helen, in a noisy way, helps to brighten up many a period. She hails from Saanich. Nuff said!

### JESSIE RELF

"Not much talk—a great, sweet silence," which we must attribute to the efforts she puts forth to obtain her excellent algebra marks.

### MARGARET SHUTE

Many of our dainty botanists envy her marks in that "budding" subject. Best of luck in college, Betty.

### JOHN McDIARMID

Found at last—one person in Division Six who excels in Latin. John is also distinguishable by his unobtrusive friendship with us all.

### JACK GRANT

Our Literary giant, a good scholar as well, in all other subjects. Jack is an efficient Editor of this Annual.

### MAURICE CRUMP

Our class's worthy exponent of the wrestling game. It's not customary to have Literature "floor" an athlete so completely as it does this one.

### LEONARD BAPTY

Len is one of the school's best all-round athletes. He is capable of withstanding innumerable hard knocks both within school and out with an unfailing grin.

### PATRICK SCHREIBER

"French gives its pitiless torture for the rending of his soul." But, cheer up, Pat, your ready smile reveals that Sooke is the best district in existence.

### JOHN McTAVISH

Enter the Don Juan of Division Six! John is very popular with the fair sex and a dangerous racket-wielder.

### EUNICE DRYSDALE

One of our best students who never minds giving a poor unfortunate a helping hand. The whole class wishes her the success she deserves in June.

### ARTHUR FIELDS

As Humorous Editor of The Camosun, Art has an admirable opportunity to spread further afield those "cracks" which keep us in perpetual laughter. His roles as a prefect and as an active participant in the Model Assembly will be long remembered.

### WILLIAM McPHEE

By his unusually good sportsmanship Bill has forced us to reform our opinions concerning the inhabitants of Scotland. Best wishes for success, Bill.

### ISOBEL GIBSON

See "Idols."

### LEO LEVESQUE

Leo aspires to be a dentist even though it takes a long, hard pull to succeed. He is full of fun and hammers a piano when not engaged in home-work.

### ALEX. URQUHART

The "old reliable" when those apparently unsolvable algebra questions crop up. Alex. is quiet himself but his curly hair calls out exclamations from all sides.

### NORMAN LI

Supplies "the mysticism of the Orient" to our class, in a most genial fashion. Norm. represented China in the Model Assembly and puts in "a good word" at the Beta Delta occasionally.

### MARGARET HEMINGSEN

Margaret bestows upon us many opportunities for laughter, as well as the benefits of her commercial training, especially in English.





Jack Grant



Eunice Drysdale



William Shields



Jessie Relf



Maurice Crump



Bessie MacKay



John McDiarmid



Theo. Greenslade



Lauraine Steele



Edward Timothy



John McFavish



William McPhee



Scott Marie



Forestier Walker



M. Hemmingsen



Norman Walker



Margaret Alton



Leo Levesque



Arthur Fields



Doris Robertson



Leonard Bapty



Vince Johns



Stewart Chapman



Jack Bulineck



Helen Prendergast



Margaret Shute



Norman Li



Alex Urquhart



Isobel Gibson



Patricia Fatt



Patrick Schreiber



Charles Miller



Bruce Sturrock



Ruth Almblad



### RUTH ALMBLAD

Her flowing tresses waving in the breeze still defy the barbers as do her vehement objections Mr. — in Room 45. S-s-s-s-s-s-s'picious Ruth.

### BESSIE MACKAY

Bessie seems to have come opportunely from "across the line" to cheer our drooping spirits, which her bewitching smile never fails to do.

### STEWART CHAPMAN

"In apprehension, how like a god"—especially in Maths. He appears to love the great outdoors, especially when on the tennis courts.

### NORMAN WALKER

Norm. might not excel in Chemistry, but he certainly knows a bad egg when he sees one. His presence at many Beta Delta meetings lends a feeling of stability thereto.

### BRUCE STURROCK

Our popular "pioneer" in loud socks and plus fours, direct by covered wagon from the prairies. We hope Bruce will one day become the chemical engineer he plans to be.

### WILLIAM SHEILDS

Bill is our representative on the basketball team where he plays a mean game as guard. Apart from being an athlete, Bill is an astute Mathematician.

### EDWARD TIMOTHY

"How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties." Yes, Tim continually heads the class, of which he is president, officiates as a prefect, and plays an excellent game of baseball.

### CHARLES MILLER

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

"Dusty," with his hair, is the gift to the feminine hearts of our Division.

### FORESTIER WALKER

Whose stealthy gait amuses us so much when he rouses from his slumbers to "put his figure on the board." Never mind, Forestier, you'll show us in June, won't you?

### THEODORE GREENSLADE

Popularly known as "Greenie." Class reporter, class jester, class "talkie" and pinch-hitter for Levesque in Latin.

### SCOTT MURIE

"O this learning! what a thing it is."

Besides being an ardent soccer player, Scott holds the distinction of being asked fewer questions than anyone else in his vicinity.

### PATRICIA FATT

Patsy is like the laughing pick-pocket—she can't take anything seriously. But all joking aside, Pat's flaming hair and laughing eyes are envied by all the girls.

### JACK BULINCKX

See "Idols."

### LAURRAINE STEEL

Whom we're sure would enjoy school if Maths. didn't exist. However, Laurraine is indispensable to the class as a means of providing fun.

### DORIS ROBERTSON

Doris spends most of her time dreamily gazing at—(censored!), but she still continues to keep up the good averages.

### VINCE JOHNS

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

School doesn't seem to be much of a picnic for Vince but the boys, anyhow, are mighty glad she's there.

### MARGARET ALTON

"Her smile is like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky."

Room 5 is Marg's "torture-chamber," but in spite of this her ability to charm has been felt by us all.



## Division Seven

### JOAN AITKIN

Excels in the art of transcribing shorthand. We expect to hear great things of Joan in the future.

### CATHERINE ALEXANDER

See "Idols"

### BESSIE ARMSTRONG

One of the stars from the basketball world. Lydia's side-kick, and our jolly Class Secretary.

### EDITH BARLOW

"The girl from Bamberton." A special pal of Scotty's. Very quiet and industrious (?).

### MYRTLE BENNETT

Is our class artist. Myrtle is not above having a friendly scrap with Barlow occasionally.

### RICHARD BOISTON

Our class sheik. Dick is very fond of candy.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite!"

### ROBERTA BOSUSTOW

Our literary genius. Berta's "short stories" are enjoyed by all the class.

### EDITH BRADSHAW

Alias "Nuts," alias "Vivien."

"Such a debater as she

Should become an M.P."

### JACK CHAPMAN

Known as "Chappie" for short. Has a weakness for drawing aeroplanes in class.

"The loud laugh—speaks the vacant mind."

### JOAN COWDERY

When Joan gets a giggling fit it's all up with her work.

"I babble, babble as I go

To join my classmates clever;

Let teachers rave, I still intend,

To babble on forever."

### BESSIE CROWTHER

One of our star English scholars, and the pride of the teachers. "Still waters run deep."

### FANNY CUMMING

Never seen without friend Edith. A very good student.

### WINNIE CURRIE

Quiet as a mouse—however, we notice Win. likes to chat with Kay now and then. An intelligence expert.

### MAY DARBY

Hails from Raymore, Sask. May looked charming in the Matric. play.

### GWEN FAIRALL

Our budding poetess. Scotty's inseparable and fellow secretarial.

"Her merry eyes sparkle and shine

At the mention of a good time."

### RONALD FAIRALL

Ronald believes that "thought is deeper than all speech." Oh Yeah!

### MARGARET HEAP

Margaret "learns wisdom by silence."





Lydia Lalonde



Thelma Vye



Irene White



Eunice Parker



Bunn Lee



Dorothy Newman



Roberta Bosustow



Maude Jones



Leslie Kennedy



Fanny Cumming



Adeline Sangster



Margaret Janes



Edith Hipwood



C. Alexander



Joan Cowdery



Helen Thomas



Edith Bradshaw



May Watkins



Harry Youson



Margaret Heap



Dick Boiston



Edith Barlow



Mr. J. O. Welch



Violet Rodman



Molly Pitman



Gwen Fairall



Bessie Crowther



Ethel Saunders



Kitty Smith



Ronald Fairall



Winnie Curry



Madge Wallace



Frances West



Lucy Turner



Hector Stevens



Rena Smith



Lily Primrose



Bessie Armstrong



May Darby



Jack Chapman



Myrtle Bennett



Joan Aitken



### EDITH HIPWOOD

"Hippy" is a cheerful optimist.

"'Tis better to have  
Loved and lost,  
Than never to  
Have loved at all."

### MARGARET JANES

"A perfect prefect, nobly planned,  
To warn, to frighten, and command."  
The brains of the class.

### MAUDE JONES

Maude is a very quiet and clever girl, but we've caught her giggling with Lydia in Room 26 now and then.

### LESLIE KENNEDY

Les. is one of the three brave Sevenites who like Bookkeeping and Arithmetic in large doses, so are taking the Accountancy Course. You have our sympathies, Les.

### LYDIA LALONDE

Another basketball star. Lydia came to us this year from New Westminster and has endeared herself to us all.

### BUNN LEE

We don't hear much from Lee in school. However, we hear he is another soccer enthusiast.

### DOROTHY NEWMAN

"Dot" is very well-liked and usually is responsible for our picnics, hikes, etc. Enjoys herself immensely in Room 32.

### EUNICE PARKER

Always very jolly and has a smile for everyone.

### MOLLY PITMAN

Margaret Janes's "twin"—Molly is fond of impersonating Amos 'n Andy in Room 35.

### LILY PRIMROSE

The little girl with the "practical" mind.

### EVELYN RICHARDS

We hear Evelyn is leaving for England in the near future. Goodbye and good luck, Ev.

### VIOLET RODMAN

We have never known Violet to arrive "promptly at 9 o'clock." However, she hails from Sunny Saanich, so what of it?

### ETHEL SAUNDERS

Our worthy Class President.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

### ADELINE SANGSTER

Scotty, our happy-go-lucky Camosun reporter, hails from Aberdeen, Scotland. She's a jolly fellow, always out for a good time with the trio of Division 7—Gwen and Babs helping her a great deal.

### KITTY SMITH

Kitty is a good sport, our "blushing pride."

### RENA SMITH

Rena informs us that she "simply adores" school. Maybe that accounts for her frequent vacations.

### HECTOR STEVENS

Hector is very bashful. He ignores the girls, having weightier matters to think of. Good luck, Hector.



**HELEN THOMAS**

"Babs's" vocabulary is very large. She is in her element when telling "funny stories" to her buddies, Scotty and Gwen.

**LUCY TURNER**

Joan A.'s bosom friend. "A girl of modest mien."

**THELMA VYE**

How do, Miss Vye. We all know how Thelma loves Geography, and how her continual giggling is enjoyed by our teacher.

**MADGE WALLACE**

We need not dwell on the subject of Madge's nationality. Madge is our Highland Fling expert.

**MAY WATKINS**

Everyone likes May. "Don't be downhearted."

**FRANCES WEST**

You can't see Frances for dust in Arithmetic period. "We wish we were all like her."

**IRENE WHITE**

"A wee drop o' Scotch"—and proud of it.

**HARRY YOUSON**

Distinguishes himself at soccer. Frequently seen making excuses for being absent from the 4 o'clock classes.

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## Juniors

### DIVISION 8—

We have the honour of being the first division to perceive the stupendous decline of scholarship among the Juniors. Wishing to remedy this deplorable situation we have donated a cup to revive the lost art. We are certain that the competition for the aforesaid cup will transform all Juniors into diligent scholars for years to come.

### DIVISION 9—

Division 9 is one of the most modest and polite divisions in the school. Each member, too modest to thrust himself forward, politely waits for his neighbour to reply to a general question. There are, however, four students who do not suffer from this "complex":—Eleanor Peden, champion girl athlete and swimmer; Kenneth Luttrell, representative for South Africa in the Model League of Nations Assembly; Oscar King, the school's best arguer; and Arthur Parfitt, Mathematical genius, noted for his ability to give the wrong answer at the right time.

Mr. C. (having worked an Arithmetic problem on the board): "Did you get that, P—?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. C.: "It must be right then!"

Mr. C.: "Some of you people have wish-bones, instead of back-bones."





#### DIVISION 10—

Our class of Division 10 is unique,  
For among us there isn't a sheik;  
We had one named Paul,  
Who grew sick of us all  
And abandoned us girls in a week.

Division 10 has more quality than quantity. What we lack in beef we make up in brains.

#### DIVISION 11—

##### Our Family:

Lyons, our racer. He is so slow Mr. R—— had to wind his watch twice while he did the hundred yards!

Barney, our student. When asked to give a word in the family of "poule," he answered "coq"!

Lorrendini, our inventive genius. He invents some great excuses at 9.05 and then invents a lot more at 3.15!

Loeffler, our wrestling champ. You ought to hear him wrestle with French!

Florence, our captain. When we finally got a draw he tried to go through the goal and his head got stuck!

#### DIVISION 12—

Kipling's "The female of the species is more deadly than the male" certainly applies to Division 12, which numbers twenty-two of the liveliest girls and nine most downtrodden boys! Beauty, brains, and brawn, inter-class girls' basketball champions, orators, crack tennis players and track stars,—Division 12 has them all.

#### DIVISION 13—

They are still on the map, although some of them are stiller than others. In spite of their class-number, they have had a fairly lucky year. There can't be anything in this superstition idea.

#### DIVISION 14—

Pupil: "Mr. —, being on the point of leaving school I come to express my appreciation for all the pains you have taken with me. All the Chemistry I know, I owe to you."

Teacher: "Pray, sir, do not mention such a trifle."



Mr. C—— said he talked to himself for two reasons: secondly, he liked to talk to a sensible man; and first, he liked to hear a man of sense talk.

Miss Thomas: "On the first of May it is customary for French people to give one another Lily of the Valley for good luck. A friend gave me some."

Student (pointing to some tulips on the desk): "I didn't know Lily of the Valley looked like that."

#### DIVISION 15—

I'd be content with a Ford of tin  
Which I couldn't break speed limits in,  
Yet a ride with Lindy in terrific haste  
Would easily satisfy my simple taste,  
And then a ride in a Rolls-Royce  
At sixty per—my second choice.

Socks, collars, shoes—for such I care,  
Which others often show for pride  
I value for their power to wear  
And naked feet to hide;  
One nice blue suit, I do confess,  
Two decent shirts, I'd fain possess.

F is for Folly seen all around,  
I stands for Ignorance in which we abound  
F for Frivolity we all have our share,  
T for Tardiness—(we really want to be there)!  
E is for Energy which we all abhor,  
E also Exams.—we don't want any more,  
Now for the end, we hope wiser than before.

#### DIVISION 16—

An inventor seeking ideas for a perpetual-motion machine would do well to study some of our members. Our activity is not, however, purely physical. Some of our students are remarkably active, mentally.

Teacher: "MacMahon, explain the passage, 'To husband out life's taper to the close.'"

MacMahon: "The passage means that when a man gets old he should marry and let his wife look after him for the rest of his days."



#### DIVISION 19—

O what a class are we!  
Division 19, you see.  
In all subjects they say we do well,  
In Shorthand and Law we surely excel.  
We do rapid calculation  
With great emulation,  
And in Bookkeeping, Civics and Typing,  
I'm afraid all the honours we're swiping;  
So from east to the west  
Our class is the best.  
'Tis no use to try to be  
Any cleverer than we.

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## Prelims

#### DIVISION 20—

Div. Twenty is our name,  
Indeed we have no little fame!  
Vigor and vim we all proclaim.

Teeming o'er with fun we are,  
When the teacher's gone afar.  
Easily we win at that,  
Never failing till he's back.  
Then our lessons we resume,  
Yearning for the bell at noon.

#### DIVISION 21—

The school term 1929-1930 for Division 21 has been one filled with plenty of activity, both athletically and academically. This has only been achieved through the co-operation of all the students and by plenty of class-spirit.

Early in the fall term, through the suggestion of Miss Smith, we organized ourselves, adopting the idea of student self-government. Two prefects were elected to assist the principle of class-room discipline. We also decided to set aside the third Wednesday of each month for a formal class meeting where we should discuss the activities of the past month and the plans for the future.

Our initial undertaking was the formation of a basketball league among the boys' classes of the school. In the finals, Div. 3 defeated Div. 4 in the most exciting and hardest fought game of the series.

As a result of the October class-meeting it was decided to have a four-months' campaign to raise funds in order that we might be able to present a cup to the school for annual competition at the swimming gala which was scheduled for January 31. In the middle of January a whirlwind finish, which included a candy sale, enabled us to achieve





our objective and we were able to present two cups—a large trophy for annual competition, and a small duplicate to become the personal property of the winner. Eleanor Peden was successful in winning the cup for the first time, but, as we all remember, Bill Findlay gave her a “good run for her money,” for he was only one point behind.

Our thoughts now turned to a class party, so with our minds filled with enthusiasm we started preparations for a party at the home of Harold Luney. We, being chiefly a boys’ class, needed more girls, so we extended an invitation to fifteen girls of Div. 19. Then, following the example of some of the Vancouver high schools, we held a class draw. The names of the girls were put in one group and the boys in another and drawn for partners.

As a result of the whole-hearted enthusiasm with which the students entered into the spirit of the thing the party was a great success.

The Easter exams. prevented us from entering into any activity athletically, so at the March meeting it was decided to turn our attention to some concentrated study. After Easter, however, we are going to start planning for the annual Commercial Picnic and hope to make it “bigger and better than ever.”

The whole-hearted enthusiasm and the co-operation of every member of the class in whatever we have undertaken has made this—our junior year at the Victoria High School—one which will remain long in the memory of each of us.

### DIVISION 23—

This is the most gifted collection of students that has for some years graced these halls of learning. As we all of us take pride in our work, the rivalry between students for top place and places near the top has been very keen. Joan Pears was the lucky one this last time, with Beatrice Hastings and Winnie Waites in close pursuit.

It is not only in scholastic fields we shine, however. Doreen Kennelly is one of the outstanding “Camosun” artists; Margaret Ferguson and Louisa Jansen, orators of Portia; Mildred Wright, one of the orchestra; Joan Pears one of the very successful “orphans” of “A Kiss for Cinderella” in which role her “Parlez-vous Francais” was admired by all. Jean Stewart is with Joan on the Students’ Council. Harry Renfree is the class athlete. He develops his muscles daily by carrying chairs to and from Room 2, and opening doors. The intriguing situation exists that in our class there are two maidens of exactly the same name—known in Room 2 as “Joyce the X one” and “Joyce CK,” and in Room 10 as “Dixon Prima” and “Dickson Secunda.” One of our members, Bertha Darby, is on the hockey team. Bobby Jones was a page in the League of Nations Assembly. As a matter of fact, most of our number have some claim to fame, though lack of space prevents our doing them justice here.

“Here’s to Division Twenty-three!  
In brains we do excel,  
Though some of us are lacking in  
Ability to spel!”

### DIVISION 24—

History Teacher: “Who were opposing the roundheads?”

Brilliant Student: “Squareheads.”

English Teacher: “What is the meaning of the word ‘sea-mews?’”

Student: “Catfish.”

Mr. — teaches us history, and with many a smile,  
He sure makes us stir that grey matter awhile.

Bronwyn Holt-Newell, the May Queen for this year, has been chosen from this division.



## DIVISION 25—

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.

"Push," said the bell.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Be up-to-date," said the calendar.

"Never lose your head," said the barrel.

"Make light of everything," said the fire.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

## DIVISION 26—

Mr. W——: "On your paper, Smith, you stated that nitrogen is unknown in Ireland! How do you account for this?"

Smith: "Well sir, the text-book distinctly says that nitrogen is not found in a free state."

### ODE TO A MOTORIST

There was a man who fawncyed  
By driving good and fast—  
He could put his car across the track  
Before the train went past;  
He'd miss the engine by an inch  
And make the train crew sore—.

\* \* \*

There was a man who fawncyed that—  
But there isn't any more!

## DIVISION 27—

### Things We Would Like to Know

1. Why isn't Hope Large?
2. Is William Cross?
3. What does Jean Grant?
4. Why is Louis Stout?
5. For whom does Frank Weight?
6. Why is John Lo?
7. Who did James Robb?
8. Why isn't Campbell Brown?



#### DIVISION 28—

Well, we're here,—very much so! We find life at High good fun. It's true we're not so happy during exam. weeks, but we manage to get along somehow. We number among our class several contributors to The Camosun.

#### DIVISION 29—

Archer: "How can you make a tall boy short?"

B. Crump: "By borrowing some money from him."

H. Gahan: "Why is an author the queerest animal in the world?"

N. Gaiger: "Because his tale comes right out of his head."

R. White: "What is the difference between a wet day and a little boy with the toothache?"

L. Dent: "The first is pouring with rain, and the second is roaring with pain."

#### DIVISION 30—

Division 30 is noted for its sense of humour. It hereby contributes several jokes to illustrate same:

Lunatic (glancing at clock in the asylum: "Is that clock quite right?"

Attendant (innocently): "Yes, of course."

Lunatic: "Then why is it here?"

My bonnie leaned over the gas-tank,  
The height of its contents to see;  
He lighted a match to assist him,  
Oh—bring back my bonnie to me!"

Professor: "I am going to speak on 'liars' this morning. How many of you students have read the twenty-sixth chapter of the Science Book?"

All hands were raised.

Professor: "You are the very group I should address. There is no twenty-sixth chapter."

#### DIVISION 33—

##### Commercial Nursery Rhymes

Pitman, Pitman, quite contrary  
How does you your Shorthand go?  
With shun curves and whl swerves  
And grammalogs all in a row.





Sing a song of typing,  
Words all gone awry.  
Four and twenty errors  
And the student did a cry.  
When the test was over  
The students all did bawl,  
"This will be a dainty mess  
To set before Miss Wall."  
Miss Wall is in her study,  
Counting out mistakes  
And students in the classroom  
All have got the quakes,  
For their marks are in the discount  
And reports will be out soon.  
All will bear this ditty:  
"Failed—write again in June."

On the whole, Div. 33 is a very quiet class, but when one of our young gentlemen arrived in his spring outfit it was loud enough to make Mr. Buck take a second look!

#### DIVISION 34—

We've got the best teachers in the V.H.S.,  
We play the best basketball,—who says yes?  
We typewrite to music which makes it glorious fun,  
Aiming at perfection, we'll get there on the run.  
With girls in the majority, we pity Robert Beggs,  
And poor old Ernest Graham. We run them off their legs.  
All the girls are beauties, and who says we are dumb?  
We always do our homework, and catch us chewing gum!  
There's Loraine and Mabel, Hazel, Jennie and lots more,  
We've clever girls aplenty in Division 34.

#### DIVISION 35—

Our teacher was giving us a short lesson in natural philosophy and during his talk he observed a tall youth in a rear seat. His head was drooped, his body relaxed, his eyes half closed, and his legs encumbering a neighbouring aisle. "Bill," said teacher. The prelim. opened his eyes slowly, but did not change his pose. "Bill, what is work?" "Everything is work," was the drawling reply. "Bill, do you mean to tell me that is a reasonable reply to my question?" "Yes sir." "Then I take it, you would like me and the class to believe that this desk is work?" "Yes, sir," replied the youth, "it is wood-work."



### DIVISION 36—

Here are the girls of Div. 36 today,  
Here are the friends which make my life so gay,  
Here in this class  
Where there's many a pretty lass,  
I hear their rowdy voices calling  
"Well, I hope you pass!"

### DIVISION 37—

Last but not least come Division Thirty-seven,  
When this term is over, we'll feel we are in heaven!  
Many teachers mention our ability to shirk,  
And honestly we must admit we are not fond of work.  
However we believe that SOME members of our class,  
Who always have their homework done, will surely make a pass.

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### LATENGLISH VOCABULARY

- |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| a—exclamation of undertanding.      | malum—what Tunney did to Dempsey.       |
| absum—offering candy to friend.     | mare—public office of Anscomb.          |
| ante—a relation.                    | mater — anything that occupies space.   |
| bello—roar of mad bull.             | mors—"Mors" Crump.                      |
| bene—nickname for Benjamin.         | nec—portion between head and body.      |
| cogo—a drink of chocolate flavour.  | nos—projection from the face.           |
| cur—a homeless dog.                 | par—a term used in golf.                |
| de—opposite to night.               | per—sound made by a happy cat.          |
| duco—a well-advertised paint.       | post—a place to hitch a horse.          |
| dum—greatly lacking in brains.      | pro—short for professional.             |
| dux—birds that take to the water.   | puer—greatly lacking in funds.          |
| erro—missile shot from a bow.       | servus—the call that brings the waiter. |
| fleo—a small irritating animal.     | tam—a girl's head-gear.                 |
| hic—ejaculation of drunken man.     | vox—an animal with a bushy tail.        |
| ille—a good excuse to stay at home. | —A. Fields.                             |
| laccessso—a cowboy's rope.          |   |
| liber—part of the human body.       |   |
| licet—what you do to a stamp.       |   |
| lux—white washing flakes.           |   |



## Model Assembly of the League of Nations

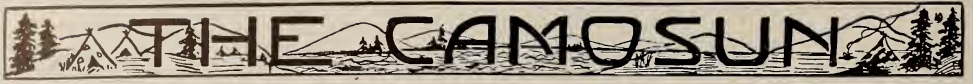
THE Model Assembly of the League of Nations, presented by the Modern History Club, has been one of the biggest events of the year at the school. It was a marvelous success in every way, and the first of its kind to be put on in British Columbia, or even in Western Canada. Mrs. Ramsell, Misses Macfarlane and Shields, Messrs. Gough, Dee, and Wallace are to be heartily congratulated on the impressive and, above all, accurate way in which this representation was given.

Mr. Dilworth introduced the programme by an opening speech, outlining the real purpose behind this representation, describing it as "a serious attempt to give an idea of the problems which confront the League of Nations and how members discharge their duties, and to concentrate attention upon the need of thinking in terms of peace."

The Assembly itself was opened by an address given by Cyril Chave, impersonating the President of the Council of the League. Chave spoke with an impressive, and serious manner, greatly admired by all present. His work was especially commendable because he had to take the role at very short notice, in place of Lloyd Paterson, who was taken ill very suddenly. His speech outlined the past year's work accomplished by the League.

There followed a report on the credentials of the representatives to the League, given by Walter Kitley, a member of the Secretariat. Robert Fer-





guson, another member of the same body, announced the election of the President of the Assembly, to be chosen from the chief representatives of the countries of Peru, Latvia, and Salvador.

The result of the election, as it was at the Tenth Assembly of September, 1929, upon which our Model Assembly was based, was that Salvador's head representative should preside over the Assembly for that session. This role was carried out by Alex. Marling, who assumed the position with remarkable dignity. His presidential address was delivered in a stirring and convincing style, and with a clearness of diction evident in all the speakers of the Assembly.

The ceremony of signing the optional clause of the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice was introduced by Walter Kitley. The representatives signing the clause, and, at the same time, explaining their countries' reasons for so doing were as follows:

Great Britain, Kenneth Ross.

India, Richard Martin, who gave his address in Hindustani.

Canada, John Merritt.

Italy, Ida Maggiora, who spoke in Italian, one of the most musical of all the tongues spoken that evening.

Australia, Gordon Rogers.

New Zealand, Edward Harrison.

Peru, Harold Buckley.

Latvia, Davena Ritchie.

The Irish Free State, Bob Carey.

Greece, George Metro, whose speech was delivered in Greek.

Siam, Rose Lore, who spoke in her own language.

Nicaragua, Leo Lévesque.

Czecho-Slovakia, Ted Greenslade.

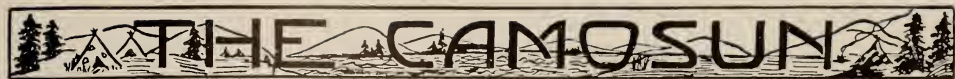
France, Rica Halet, who spoke in French.

South Africa, Kenneth Luttrell.

Leonard Denton acted as interpreter of the foreign speeches.

The following item on the agenda was one of the most impressive of the whole representation—the last great address of Herr Stresemann, the famous German statesman. This part was taken by Fred Loeffler, who spoke very fluently in German, Lawrence Wallace interpreting. Roger Perullet, representing M. Aristide Briand, speaking in French, delivered an address expressing that statesman's desire for a United States of Europe. Wilfred Pelland acted as interpreter for this address. Melvin Gaspell in the role of M. Motta, then delivered the address of Switzerland's representative.

One of the most moving speeches of the evening was given by Cecil Barner.



He spoke on Dr. Nansen's work on behalf of the refugees in Europe with a depth of feeling and conviction which greatly impressed all his hearers.

Stanley Metcalfe, a member of the Secretariat, then introduced a series of proposals and resolutions given by various representatives. Clara Sivertson, speaking in Norwegian, represented Norway. The representative from Finland, Harold Haikala, spoke in the language of that country. The speech of the Chinese representative, Norman Li, was given also in his own tongue. Tsuyoshi Mukai, representing Japan, spoke in Japanese. These proposals were concluded by one given by a representative of Great Britain, Arthur Fields, concerning economic problems in Europe.

The concluding item was a resolution given by William Leahy, representing Mr. Arthur Henderson, to bring the Covenant of the League into conformity with the Kellogg Peace Pact. This resolution was supported also by Kenneth Ross, representing Britain's Prime Minister, Ramsay Macdonald. It is most fitting to conclude with a quotation from his stirring address:

"Peace, I know, has its risks as well as war; but the difference between the nation that risks itself in peace and that which risks itself in war is this:— That the nation that takes the risk of pioneering in peace, is likely to get peace; while the nation that takes the risk of leading in military preparation is almost certain to get war."

On Tuesday, April 22, at the request of the B. C. Teachers' Federation, the Model Assembly was repeated with great success in Vancouver with the assistance of a number of students from Vancouver High Schools.

## Portia

(Setting 1950)

A LUXURIOUS car glided up before the Victoria High School. A young, richly-gowned lady stepped out. At almost the same moment another car drove up, from which a beaming lady emerged. For a moment the eyes of the two women met, then a look of recognition illuminated the face of the younger.

"Why, surely it is Dorothy Watson," she cried, "or Mrs—?" she added hastily. "I've come to address the Portia Society on my work. Don't you remember me?"

"I should say I do remember Muriel Davenport, the President of Portia during the term before I was elected."





"It certainly was a great year, I remember we had a membership of over one hundred. Even now, in 1950, I can recall it."

"Do you remember when Mrs. Jameson, the first outside speaker addressed the society on 'Happy Speech-making'?" asked Dorothy. "Yes," responded Muriel, "I certainly do. I can also recall some of the interesting and unusual speeches and debates which were given. Do you remember the time Mr. Luttrell spoke on 'Southern France,' illustrating his lecture with lantern slides?"

"Yes, it was splendid, and Miss Macleod's talk on 'Embarrassing Moments' was very amusing. I could have listened to her for ever," said Dorothy.

"The Home Cooking Sale, and the amusing comedy presented by the college students," added Muriel eagerly, "I can remember even now."

"Do you remember, Muriel, when my new executive and I took over the reins of government?"

"Yes, and I shall never forget the crowning achievement of the year, the winning of the Portia-Beta Delta debate, when Portia emerged triumphant owing to the convincing oratory of Joan Dawson and Isobel Gibson," said Muriel.

"I shall always remember Dean Quainton's address," chuckled Dorothy, "just previous to the Easter exams. He spoke on 'How to Think,' which was most appropriate at the time." "Well," said Muriel, "I hope Portia will always continue to be such a great success as it was in 1930." "So do I," replied Dorothy.

And they entered, and being old Portia members, they spoke without qualms.

#### **Portia Executives First Term**

Vice-President—Kathleen Meldram.

Secretary—Isobel Gibson.

Matric. Representative—Agnes Phillips.

Junior Representative—Ola Peetz.

Prelim. Representative—Margaret Ferguson.

Commercial Representative—Kathleen Hall.

#### **Second Term**

Vice-President—Isobel Gibson.

Secretary—Agnes Phillips.

Matric. Representative—Kathleen Meldram.

Junior Representative—Pauline Woodward.

Prelim. Representative—Margaret Cookson.

Commercial Representative—Barbara Daniels.

Camosun Reporter—Vera Cookson.

Staff Advisers—Misses Hamilton, Maxwell and Archibald.



## Beta Delta

**A**NOTHER successful year of the Beta Delta Society is drawing rapidly to a close. The combined help of its members and the untiring efforts of the executive have helped to establish the club more firmly in the school.

The results of the election of the first term executive were as follows:—President, D. Stoddart; Vice-President, C. Margison; Secretary-Treasurer, O. Findlay; assisted by a committee including W. Ostler, K. Luttrell, L. Bapty and G. Cook. This executive arranged many good programmes, but obtained a poor response from the students of the school. The average attendance for this term was sixteen members.



For the second term the results of the election was as follows:—President, Horace Dawson; Vice-President, D. Stoddart; Secretary-Treasurer, N. Manson; assisted by a committee, namely Marling, O. Findlay, Newnham, and W. Ostler. With this new executive working exceedingly hard throughout, the second term turned out to be the most successful in many years. The average attendance was over thirty members, and at one meeting alone fifty-five attended; the highest attendance in two years! About twenty-seven members are competing for their pins, and it is hoped that they will achieve their goal by the end of the term. The society was unsuccessful in obtaining any outside competition but nevertheless it was kept busy by the inter-class debating teams. Ten teams entered into the banner competition, and five divisions still remain in the running, these being 5 (A) team, 6 (B) team, 8, 9, and 5 (B) team.

The big event of the year was in the form of the annual Portia-Beta Delta debate. The subject in question was:—"Resolved that the policies of Disraeli were a greater factor in England's progress than those of Gladstone." The affirmative was upheld by Miss I. Gibson and Miss J. Dawson of the Portia, while the negative was accepted by A. Marling and D. Stoddart of the Beta Delta. After a number of splendid arguments were put up by both sides, the decision was given in favour of Portia. It is hoped, however, that the boys will be able to reverse the decision next year.

Sincere thanks are due to a number of outside speakers who kindly gave of their valuable time to make some meetings of the Society a distinct success. They are as follows:—Mr. Beckwith, Mr. "Viv." Shoemaker, and Mr. Nicholas.



In closing, the club wishes to thank Mr. Buck very sincerely for his untiring services and co-operation with the executive in making this term one of the most successful for Beta Delta Society in many years.

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## Orchestra

**U**NDER the spell of Mr. Green's wand (or baton) our school orchestra has completed another successful season. After many tuneful practices (from which the music-lovers of the school were barred) it made its debut at the Matric. play, playing three selections which were warmly applauded by the audience. The orchestra's second appearance, at the Annual Choir and Orchestra Concert, was a highwater mark in the musical achievements of our school.

### Members of Orchestra

Betty Schwarz—Piano.  
Virginia Chaster—Piano.  
Merle Smith—1st Violin.  
Elsie Warburton—1st Violin.  
Mildred Wright—Violin obligato.  
Connie Laing—Violin obligato.  
Allen Paver—2nd Violin.

Stevie—2nd Violin.  
Roy Hundleby—2nd Violin.  
Jim Haggart—Euphonium.  
Albert Stevens—Horn.  
Robert Calwell—Clarionet.  
Bill Levy—Cornet.  
Bill Muncy—'Cello.

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## Girls' Choir

**H**EARTIEST congratulations are in order this year for the girls of the choir, who had the proud distinction at the Musical Festival of winning the two shields for which they were competing. And the heartiest thanks are due to Mr. Waddington, whose excellent leadership made this school triumph possible. Throughout the year, with the valuable assistance of Miss Morton, accompanist, and of Miss Moore, whose inspiring presence is now sadly missed, Mr. Waddington has worked most earnestly to make the school music a thing of beauty. He has certainly succeeded.

The Choir has this year given two very attractive concerts, and performed at the Christmas Play.

Officers for the year were:—President, Lillian Walker; Assistants, Helen Schwengers and Thora Petch.

# LITERARY SUPPLEMENT



ALLAN EDWARDS





## Black Magic – Very Black

THE whole affair started on the hot, oppressive day when Mortimer Jackson arrived at Tumbledown Villa. The little community of “cullud folk” on the outskirts of St. Louis was certainly appropriately named, for the only building with a “leg to stand on” was the tiny combined depot and post-office, where a puffing, fussy little engine with a couple of box-cars and a passenger coach drew in once every other day. The small church which the people attended faithfully was fast becoming a ruin while the shacks in which the inhabitants dwelt were in a visible state of collapse.

The people themselves were intensely superstitious, as most negroes are, very “shif’less,” but, strangely, very religious. They all sooner or later “got religion” at the church; and they tried to live up to some of their parson’s teachings by excluding all drinking and gambling from their small community. They seldom came in contact with the rest of the world in any form at all, and, since their outlook on life was extremely narrow, they regarded all newcomers with suspicion until they proved themselves to be to the liking of the community; or, if the outsider proved undesirable, they treated him in such fashion that he would soon depart, thankfully.

So it was that as Mortimer strolled up the narrow, dusty little road, he was followed by inquiring, suspicious glances. When he entered Joe Bayne’s house tongues wagged and clacked incessantly, for Joe’s was the most crowded three-roomed shack of the whole community. There he and his wife existed—for that is all one could call it—with their seven children, under conditions that would seem almost unbelievable, so near to such a large, modern city. What on earth Joe would do to accommodate such a well-dressed, “cityfied” guest was more than his interested neighbours could fathom. But the question uppermost in their minds was, “Why should a person with such a ‘man-of-the-world’ air about him want to come to their little out-of-the-way community, unless he were hiding from either a personal enemy, or from the law?”

For about a week nothing was heard of the stranger except that he occasionally went for a stroll, and examined unoccupied shacks. He made himself popular with the children by frequent gifts of nickels for candies. From scraps of gossip dropped here and there by Joe’s wife, Sue, the people gathered that he was a paying guest, and also that, for the sake of the boarder’s monthly fee, Joe had limited himself and family to two rooms, giving the largest and best to his guest. This the inhabitants learned, but nothing more, until the next Sunday their astonishment knew no bounds when up the steps and into the church marched Joe Bayne and family as usual, but accompanied by—their star boarder!



It was very seldom that a stranger came to church so soon after his arrival; consequently, Mortimer went up in the inhabitants' estimation. Favourable glances began to be directed towards him wherever he ventured forth; and when two months after his arrival, he joined the church, was baptised, and worshipped with them most fervently, the folk accepted him as a good man, worthy to be one of their brethren.

But soon their minds were diverted from Morty, for disturbing reports were heard concerning a ruinous, empty building at the edge of the community. Lights flitted hither and yon, strange clanking, rattling noises began to be heard in that vicinity at night, until the honest folk of Tumbledown Villa were afraid to venture out after sunset.

One night, one of the bolder men got within one hundred yards of the shack, but immediately fled precipitately; for, as he solemnly assured his interested listeners later, a huge, hideous monster of terrifying dimensions and appearance approached him, and waved its long, hairy arms threateningly. This event marked the end of all attempts to investigate the mystery for many weeks.

Thus, the lights and noises continued with no interruptions; and no one saw the Thing, for no one ventured near the shack. The people began to be more apprehensive than ever, and hardly liked to go out even in broad daylight.

Then, one day, big Sam Lewis, the village fighter, came to the house of the minister, the Reverend Egerton Boskett.

"Pahson," he said, "du yu' know, Ah thinks we'd bettah do somefin' about dis yere spook, kase de folks is skeer't tu death uf the ha'nt w'hat's in dat shack. Shouldn't we-all get up a pahty tu lay dat ghos'?"

"Ah dunno," replied the preacher, "Ah'm not so shuah but what de low-down niggahs in dese pahts am too white-livah'd t'go huntin' out a spook. Ah confesses Ah'm mighty uneasy mahse'f about it, but Ah's quite willin' tu he'p rescovah what it-all am."

"Dat's fine, pahson," responded Sam, enthusiastically, "Ah'se tired uf hearin' uf nuffin' but dat ghos'. Efen you-all gives dem niggahs a li'l encouragement, Ah thinks dey'll go 'long wif us. Le's staht gettin' dem togethah; but we bettah do h'it on de quiet, kase dose ghos'es ain' so likely to show deyse'f efey dey t'inks dey're a-gwine ter hab comp'ny."

So, Sam and Mr. Boskett collected their men one by one, very secretly. They chose the most powerful men of the community—which was not saying much, anyway, seeing that none of them ever did a stroke of work by which he could develop muscular power. Strangely, the minister took an instinctive dislike to Mortimer Jackson. Somehow, to Egerton Boskett, everything the



new-comer said or did rang falsely. Accordingly he and Sam agreed to leave Mortimer out of their plans. And, because Joe Bayne was a talkative fellow, they decided not to include him in their party, either.

Then, one night when the usual manifestations of the spectre's presence were in full evidence, the little group set out for the lonely shack. The men were armed to the teeth with such weapons as carving-knives (secretly abstracted from among the utensils when watchful spouses were not looking), broom handles (to be used as clubs), or iron cooking utensils (obtained by the same means as the carving-knives). Sam Lewis had obtained an ancient "sawed-off" shotgun, which he proudly exhibited, and with which he vowed "he'd lay dat spook."

As the little band drew near to the shack, where the lights and noises were still going on, some of the men evinced signs of great terror; but they reassembled their courage and, at about two hundred feet from the shack, they halted in a body. Sam then proceeded out in front, and, as he approached nearer, although the lights remained, the noises ceased. An expected hush fell over the little group, who waited though hardly eagerly, for action in combat with the spectre.

For a few minutes all was still. Then, a blood-curdling snarl broke the silence, and around the corner of the building came a huge shaggy monster, running upon its hind legs with apparent ease. It rushed ferociously at Sam, who, at the proper moment, released the trigger of his weapon, and liberally peppered his opponent with fine shot. Some must have taken good effect, for with a howl more like that of an enraged human being than of a dying ghost, the creature stumbled and fell heavily to the ground.

Immediately, the others rushed at it, and would have pounded and hacked it to pieces had not their leader, the minister, intervened.

"Wait!" he commanded. "We all wants ter see w'at dis t'ing am. Leab me an' Sam tu tie h'it up."

Accordingly, a rope having been produced, the creature was trussed up, but as the last turn of the rope was drawn tight, there came a choking, gasping, but decidedly human voice: "Lemme out—Ah'm stufficatin'."

The men all drew back for a moment, utterly terror-stricken. But, after a moment Sam plucked up courage to carefully untie the rope. Then, producing his knife, he slit the shaggy coat down the front. Just under the chin of the horrible, glaring face appeared the swollen, empurpled visage of Mortimer Jackson!

The whole party let out an involuntary cry of amazement. But almost immediately everyone began to demand an explanation of Morty's presence there in such a costume. But Mortimer, now with hands bound, and carefully





guarded by Sam and a colleague, sullenly refused to answer or explain anything. The only way to obtain information would be to enter the shack, from which a new feeble light issued.

At the doorway, an astounding scene met the eyes of the group. Seated beside a table on which was a pair of dice, a bottle, and a pack of cards, nodding drunkenly was one of the apparently most pious negroes in the neighbourhood—Joseph Bayne!

The other men could scarcely believe their own eyes. To think that Joe, the religious, virtuous Joe, could have indulged in drinking and gambling, the two vices that Tumbledown Villa had managed to do away with!

When they recovered from the shock, the party searched the premises and found a case of bootleg whiskey-bottles, some full, some empty. This piece of evidence they carted to the jail, and after attending to Mortimer's slight wounds, they carefully locked the pair in the jail, and, leaving them to their own reflections, they returned to their respective homes.

The next morning, the news was all over the neighbourhood—the air was thick with it. The children all rushed down to the jail where they taunted and jeered at the prisoners through the window. Sue Bayne and her children remained in their home, weeping copiously—the mother because of the disgrace on the family, the children because their mother was in tears.

About the middle of the morning, Parson Boskett proceeded with dignity to the jail, where with much "cross-examination" he tried to make the prisoners relate the "whys" and "wherefores" of several months past. All he could get out of them was that they hadn't drunk much before for fear of discovery, but on that night, they threw caution to the winds, and drank to their hearts' content—hence Joe's sodden condition.

While the parson and the older inhabitants of the community were debating as to whether they would release the miscreants, or expel them entirely from the community, an automobile was seen coming at break-neck speed along the road from the direction of the city. It came to a sudden standstill just before it reached the small group of excited, gesticulating negroes, who were standing outside the jail, and policemen literally poured from it.

The minister went to meet them. "How-de-do," he greeted them very courteously, "w'at am it dat you gen'l'mens wants in dese pahts? We-all ain' done nuffin', I don't think, dat we need de law after us, unless—" a sudden thought struck him, "unless dat low-down, no-'count niggah in deh hab been up to somefin', and comed here ter hide."

"What low-down nigger is it that you have in there?" asked the amused sergeant. "We're hunting for one, but we hardly expected to find him so soon. May I go and see if he's our man?"



"Why, suttinly, suh," responded the Rev. Egerton Boskett, "we-all 'ain' a-hankerin' arter keepin' dat man wif us, so we'd be real glad efen you has to take him away."

After a moment, out came the sergeant, looking decidedly pleased. "Yes, men," he said, "it's that tar-baby that's been peddling moonshine across the river. Won't the chief be pleased, though?" then turning to the astonished minister, "How did it happen you had him all locked up?"

When Rev. Boskett had sufficiently recovered from his surprise, he related the events of the past weeks to the policemen, who were mightily amused. Then, thanking the minister and assuring him that he and his ghost-hunters would receive a reward for Morty's capture, the troop of police, with Morty very carefully manacled, climbed into the car, and away they went, down the narrow street, taking with them the cause of Tumbledown Villa's disturbance.

And when the car was quite out of sight, the inhabitants breathed a deep sigh of relief, released Joe from his imprisonment with admonitions to mend his ways, and went back to the happy carefree life they had lived before the advent of Mr. Mortimer Jackson.

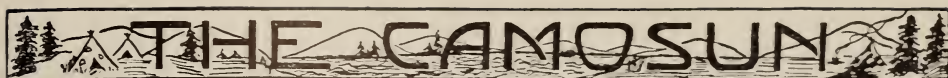
—Kathleen Baker, Div. 1.

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## The Inspiration of Aloysius

**A** LOYSIUS WASHINGTON WASSIMORE was an unusually independent sort of a chap—uncommonly independent, in fact. Together with this peculiarity he possessed that rare faculty known by a limited number of people as brains—more uncommon still. Although his Physics marks at school did not reveal a truly passionate yearning for home-work, Aloysius was a budding genius, in his own private laboratory, situated in the attic far from the meddling members of the family. So, being scientifically inclined and independent to a most marked degree, he naturally hated to have to depend on broadcasting stations for his entertainment, to continually endure the announcements of what to eat, how to eat it, and how generally to keep himself calorically correct.

But, one day, his mind took a decided turn for the worse and, acting on the fact that all sound is transmitted by courtesy of air waves, Aloysius bent all his scientific prowess towards perfecting a theory which recently had percolated from the interior of his peculiarly fertile brain. This took the form of an assumption that these waves had not died out but that all of man's varied symphonies of noise, originating with the first baby, still continued to hurtle through the ether and could be captured with a suitable apparatus.



So, after months of tedious labour during which cobwebs gathered on his glasses and dust on his brain this young Edison emerged victorious and ready to test a contrivance that sounded like a tractor from the kitchen below but which spelt out sweet syllables into the straining ears of its creator. With infinite care Aloysius adjusted the head-phones and proceeded to administer the "juice" to his waiting offspring. Immediately, from without the labyrinth of wires and levers there emerged a jumbled medley of frenzied voices, interspersed by staccato cracklings as of burning timbers. This discouraging uproar lasted for fully ten minutes when it was suddenly terminated, much to Aloysius's relief, by a gruff voice from out of the atmosphere, "Oh, Sen, you might bring me a new E string before the fire goes out." Beyond a doubt it was that of Nero, fiddling to his bosom friend, Seneca, during the hackneyed conflagration of the City of the Seven Hills.

With a slight twist of the dial, a scene, not unlike their own market-place on a Saturday morning, presented itself to Aloysius. Lambs were bleating, donkeys braying, geese cackling, while throughout there ran a murmuring obligato of haggling vendors. From out of this pot-pourri there emerged, much as before, a soloist, "Ou-ours the v-victory!—water, quick!—Ah, now that's better—Well, I guess that's a day's work. One hundred and fifty miles in twelve hours and don't my poor corns know it!" From a hasty consultation of a battered history Aloysius was led to attribute this outburst to Phidippides, the father of the modern "bunion-derby."

A further deft adjustment brought a comparatively peaceful situation after the recent hubbub. But, before long, this cessation of activities was rudely shattered by "Now see here, Wolsey, if you can't get me a divorce from Kate immediately you'll lose your job!" That was enough for Aloysius. As much as he preferred Henry VIII. from the other Tudors, family quarrels could be had in abundance by merely stepping outside the door.

So, rapidly he sped to another quarter of the ethereal world for entertainment. Punctuated by occasional cannon-shots the familiar tones of a pleading, effeminate voice were soon captured by the apparatus, "Now, old girl, just one more push and we'll be through the fence where I can "hit the trail for the British at Beaver Dams." What a coincidence! Unmistakably Laura Secord, a prominent figure in that day's history test.

Overwhelmed by his unexpected success, Aloysius felt compelled to spread the good news to the long-suffering remainder of the Wassimore family. Exercising extreme care he shouldered his precious burden and commenced gingerly to pick his way down the rickety attic stairs. Upon reaching the kitchen his ears were greeted with, "Martha, wherever in the world did you get this steak? It's tougher than my bedroom slippers."





"Now listen to me, John Wassimore," came the vehement reply, "your tight-fistedness has increased continually since the day we were married and for eighteen years I've practically ran this house on hot air!" But this parental eruption was destined to end differently from the common, everyday run of such occurrences, due to the presence of Aloysius and his beloved invention. Unknowingly, as he touched a switch he sounded its death-knell when from out of the corner of the kitchen was heard "Why John, these roses are simply exquisite, but why did you spend so much on me when you know that we're going to need it all soon?"

"Oh, never mind, Martha," came the re-assuring tones of the adolescent youth, "they weren't very expensive and, anyhow, you're worth every cent of it."

But, quickly, after this vivid reminiscence of courtship days, the object upon which for the past three months Aloysius's mental exertions had been expended, passed into oblivion. A brawny, paternal arm was seen to flash in an arc through the air, a size eleven work-boot to come to rest in the midst of the maze of wires and so, with dramatic suddenness, "darkness closed upon" a possible successor to "West's World Progress."

—Jack Grant, Div. 6.

## The Wind Bloweth Where It Listeth

**H**È was a quaint figure, old Moore, as I, a small boy trudging along my weary way from school, lunch-pail in hand, for the first time beheld him coming round a bend in the road. Frightened by his strange appearance, I crept hastily through the lowest strands of the wire fence, dropped into the irrigation ditch that ran along the hayfield and there, up to the neck not "in ferns and cress," but in sweet meadow grass, waited for the old man to pass by.

He sat erect on his cayuse—even to my young eyes a ludicrously inadequate mount—old Moore's legs were so long and its own so short. He rode in the typical outfit of a pioneer of the cattle country—his legs covered with loose "chaps," his jacket a mackinaw, lined, doubtless, with heavy fleece wool, about his neck a gaudy Indian handkerchief and on his head the inevitable sombrero.

As I peered out at him from my hiding place, I saw that his face was weather-beaten and deeply furrowed with God knows what hardship of existence. His white hair and beard he wore long. To my childish imagination, nurtured by faithful Sunday School teachers and furnished well with pictures from the great Bible at home, he took his place at once in the company of Moses and the Hebrew prophets, a fact which for a long time, no doubt, increased the awe in which I held him.



Not a little of this awe, even terror, which old Moore inspired, arose from the mystery which surrounded him. He passed by on our road three or four times a year, coming from I know not where, on his way to town for supplies and going back again to his mysterious abode with his packages tied up behind him on the saddle. True, my brothers could tell us that he lived miles back beyond Black Mountain in a wild canyon; true the hired men called him a "squaw man," adding the detail that he had three wives. One, better informed still, told how he had seen him one day washing gold from the sand of a stream bed while, at a little distance, a lad paddled bare-foot in the brook. But the canyon was for me as remote as Cathay and the three wives, and the lonely child paddling in the mountain stream only served to add strangeness to the romance of the pictures my imagination had already conjured up.

\* \* \* \* \*

One lovely morning in Indian Summer at the recess hour, which brought such grateful relief from the stuffy gloom of our log cabin school house, the game of Prisoner's Base was in full swing. The sun, relenting in his summer fury, was pouring his rich warmth upon us, an earthy smell mingled with the odour of dying poplar leaves and the honey of late golden-rod hung in the air, giving us a sense, which I am sure not one of us stopped to analyse, of ripeness and restful peace. Suddenly, there was a break in the play and suppressed excitement took the place of the wild and noisy activity of defending our base—old Moore was passing by. Filled with curiosity and with courage born of our numbers, we rushed to the dilapidated picket fence, and from behind that stockade gazed in awe at the figure few of us had seen before at such close range. He paid no attention to us: indeed we felt that he was, perhaps, unaware of our presence, even of our existence. And today he was not alone: riding behind him was a tall stripling, a "gold dark boy," somewhere between twelve and fifteen years of age. With the interest of childhood, we watched each other,—we, quite unabashed and staring, he with the shyness of all wild creatures, stealing furtive glances at us as he passed along. The bell rang and, as we scurried towards the school, there to resume our struggle for the mastery of the three R's, I looked back and saw him where he had stopped his horse and turned to watch us.

Noon hour came with the accustomed rush for lunches. As we issued from the porch, all thought of old Moore and his son, long since forgotten, we were astonished to see the lad just outside our fence. Few animals are more reticent than boys in their early teens. Young Moore was suspicious of us, riding away to a safe distance when we approached him and returning only as we resumed our play. Over our game he brooded with no word spoken, but with a strange hunger in his eyes which even we youngsters felt,—and yet neither he nor any of us could pass the gulf which shyness had fixed between us.



Once again, in answer to the grim summons which ended the hour of freedom, we left the sunlight and our mysterious visitor. When he went we never knew, but when classes were over and school dismissed in the late afternoon, he had gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some years later, an expedition took my brother and me, on a golden day in late summer, into the distant hills. As we crossed a small knoll, clad with the pines so common in that district, we came upon a human skeleton. From unmistakable evidence we knew it for old Moore's. It lay stretched out at full length with no sign of struggle or death spasm. Nearby, where it had been fastened securely to a pine sapling, was the skeleton of his horse.

As we looked down upon these remains and realized their significance, there in the awful stillness of Nature, which so frequently becomes vibrant with a strange, unnamed force, we felt the presence of old Moore's mystery. Whence had he come into these lonely hills? What strange tangle of the skein of life elsewhere had led him to seek out their deep seclusion? How had he died?—Had he felt some sudden approach of weakness and dismounted here, or had he come to this quiet, sunny spot to lie down on the soft carpet of pine needles for an habitual nap? What had become of the "gold dark boy" who had so strangely moved our fancy? Old Moore had passed by again and taken his secret with him out of life.

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## The Mystery of Cape Blanco

**T**HIS incident which I am about to relate is to me a very strange and and mysterious one—so strange and mysterious that at times I do not believe it myself, and therefore will not be surprised if others fail to do so.

One evening early in September, I decided to visit my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, the caretakers of the lighthouse on Cape Blanco Reef. It was about dusk when I reached this most western point in Oregon, and in a few minutes I left the car in which I had motored from Port Orford, to walk the remaining distance to the place which was to provide me with the weirdest experience of my life.

It seemed to me as I clambered with difficulty over those lonely barren rocks that Cape Blanco must be one of the bleakest spots in all Oregon. But at last the lighthouse sent its welcoming ray to scatter darkness and desolation, and revealed the tiny house of the Hughes's which seemed to cling desperately, as if for company, to the tower.





To my surprise, I almost stumbled on Mrs. Hughes seated on the rocks in front of the house. Even my sudden appearance scarcely roused her at first, she seemed lost in her thoughts, until I spoke. Then she started, drew herself together with obvious effort, and greeted me quite cordially, insisting that I stay the night. I thanked her with some confusion, and decided to remain as she seemed rather anxious to have me. "I was hoping someone would come," she explained, "because I'm alone tonight. This time of year I'm always afraid that—that—I'm always a little nervous," she finished her sentence rather lamely. I wondered what there was to make her nervous—the wind, the sound of the waves, the ghost of some ship-wrecked person—or what?

"I hope you don't mind sleeping by yourself?" Mrs. Hughes asked as she showed me my room some time later. I assured her, though with little truth, that I didn't and that I was not at all nervous. "But there's nothing to be afraid of, is there?" I asked. "Oh no—no," she evaded, "nothing at all. But some people are rather uneasy when they sleep so near the lighthouse." She seemed relieved when I declared in what I fondly hoped was a cheerful matter-of-fact tone—that I was a very sound sleeper. She said good-night somewhat hastily, I thought, and we both retired.

It must have been about one o'clock when I awoke with a start to find the dazzling light from the tower shining in my room. I wondered why I had awakened so suddenly when my horrified eyes fell on a strange white lady sitting at a tiny writing desk, moaning heart-rendingly. I stared, paralyzed with fear; my heart thumped sickeningly. I tried to think that I was still dreaming but no, she was still there writing at the desk. I tried to scream, but no sound would come. After enduring agonies for some time I forced a kind of courage—the courage of sheer desperation, and I slipped cautiously out of bed. I tiptoed along the floor as quietly as I could, trembling violently. Then my strength gave way and I stumbled, falling to my knees. At the sound, the apparition started, stared fixedly at me and drew my fascinated gaze in return. As I recall now, her face was very pallid and her cheeks hollow, but strangely radiant. Her hair, of a magnificent length, looked as if it had been torn while its owner was in great mental agitation. She slowly turned about—my strange visitor—and returned with a sigh to her writing.

I was too frightened to move lest the woman cast some fiendish spell over me so that it was not until the spectre had finished writing and was about to leave that I spoke. Then she gave me a long searching look in answer to my question and replied briefly and evasively, "From the deep." With that she vanished as suddenly as she had appeared. I was struck by a sudden impulse to pursue this mysterious hallucination and, hastily snatching a wrap, I ran to follow. But, as it was very dark and I was too terrified to venture far



from the house, I was unable to find a trace of her. Fearfully, lest something should clutch me in that lone hour, I retraced my steps back to my room. Once there, I sank weakly down on the bed, quite unnerved by my dreadful experience. Suddenly, a thought flashed across my brain. The letter! Was it still here? In all my anxiety and trembling, I read these fatal words:

"Whoever reads this letter is doomed to be drowned in a ship-wreck before the year expires. She will not lie peacefully in a watery grave, but is destined to wander over the wide world with me in search of my little son, who was saved in a wreck of many years ago when I, his mother, was forgotten. I myself have wandered for a quarter of a century in vain search and through the endless years of eternity I will continue to wander until my task is accomplished."

Oh, it could not be! it could not be! My head was reeling—everything was whirling around. But that welcome oblivion was not to be mine then. With a start I regained my senses and fought for self-control. Vainly I tried to assure myself that I could easily defy Fate. Surely it was impossible that Fate would take the form of a lonely woman compelled to search for her long-lost son—the thing was preposterous, ridiculous. Nevertheless, I was unable to calm myself to the extent of sleeping till morning. I followed that forsaken mother in her lonely vigil during the remainder of the night in thoughts, if not in person.

I did not tell Mrs. Hughes of the ghostly visitation, as it would only trouble her. Instead, I asked her if she could remember many ship-wrecks occurring near Cape Blanco. She told me the terrible story of the "South Portland," which went down in a dense fog off the reef, in the year 1904. All the women on board, including the captain's wife, had been lost, although most of the men were saved. Then she added that there were many rumours concerning a lady who used to walk up and down the beach, wringing her hands and lamenting in a most pitiful fashion.

During the remainder of the year (and it is not yet ended), as often as I try to put the thoughts of that whole terrifying experience behind me, and forget about them, always there remains uppermost in my mind this single question, "Why?"

—Margaret Thompson, Div. 1.

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## CONVERSATION IN A YIDDISH RESTAURANT

F U N E M?

S V F M.

F U N E X?

S V F X.

O K M N X.



## RETRIBUTION

The blazing summer sun,  
Its hot and heavy stillness,  
And the lulling hum of bees  
Had made me drowsy.

Listlessly  
I sat, on the moss-grown garden wall,  
And carelessly  
I dangled my legs among the flowers  
below.  
In my hand I held  
A melting chocolate-bar.

Against my foot  
A graceful foxglove gently swayed.  
A golden bumble-bee,  
Deep in the heart of a bell  
Was eagerly sucking its sweet nectar.

Backing  
To the flower's edge  
His round, hairy body,  
Dusted from top to toe  
With yellow pollen,  
He paused;  
Lifted a hairy leg to scratch himself,  
As if the stamens had tickled his back.

The fellow spread his slender gauze-like  
wings,

And flew from flower to flower,  
To trade his gold-dust for gold honey.  
Till, like a ship, heavy laden with cargo,  
He turned towards home.

Thus, I thought, Nature provides  
Food for bees, and flowers.

Soon I heard again  
The buzzing of a bumble bee,  
For the flower-lover  
Had returned again to woo his flowers.  
But neither fox-glove, rose, nor pink  
Could tempt him now.

Instead, he lit upon my chocolate bar,  
Darted out his brush-like tongue,  
Licked,  
And seemed to smack his lips—  
And licked again.  
Then leisurely he rubbed his sticky legs,  
And spread his wings  
To flee with his stolen prize.

I should not be paid in gold, as were the  
flowers,  
Thought I, brushing him away,  
No; but I was paid.  
The fellow gave me all he had to give,—  
His sting.  
—Anna Clarke

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## HUNGER

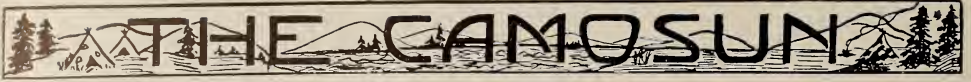
I was lonesome in the city;  
Tall houses hedged me in,  
And shut me from the sky.

Above the purpling hills,  
Behind smoke-belching factories,  
There was a sunset,—  
But I could not see it.

Somewhere the mountains tower,  
Very tall and splendid,  
Like the passing of ancient kings.

But I saw only  
The towering walls  
Of clustered dwellings,  
Staring at me with unfriendly eyes,  
Curiously.  
—Mildred Janes.





### MARY'S PRAYER

(Prize Humourous Poem)

Weary with a day of play,  
Mary homeward took her way;  
Crying as she passed the gate;—  
“Mother! Did I stay too late?”

“Late enough!” her mother said,  
“Time for you to go to bed.  
Hurry now, and go upstairs;  
I’ll come and listen to your prayers.”

Kneeling by her little bed,  
Hands clasped tight, her prayers she said;  
“Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”

Here the little golden head,  
Gently drooped upon the bed.  
“Come, come dear, say all you know,  
“If”—her mother prompted low.

Sleepily, the little maid  
Raised her tired face and said;—  
“If he hollers let him go,  
Eenie, meenie, minie, moe!”

—Griffith Jones, Div. I.

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### SHEPHERD BOY

Filled with the music of the hills I go  
By winding ways unto the fields below,  
And feel beneath my touch the glowing wheat,  
And fair sweet clover 'neath my unshod feet.  
And soft the zephyrs kiss my cares away  
While saucy robin trills his happy lay.  
I would not change my humble state with kings  
For I hold dear the balm that nature brings,  
And every flower beneath the summer sky  
Speaks to a lowly heart that God is nigh.

—Marjorie Landman, Div. I.



### THE HAPPY WIND

("Camosun" Prize Poem)

A happy little southern wind  
Went wandering away ;  
It was the dearest little wind  
That ever went astray.

It touched the city's outer edge,  
Then swiftly turned aside ;  
For it had heard that little winds,  
Caught by the hot streets, died.

It went along a country lane,  
And through the meadows fair ;  
It lifted up a horse's mane,  
And stirred a baby's hair.

It lingered in a quiet place  
Where tall fair lilies grow,  
When moon drew near, it hid itself  
Where pines stand in a row.

It slept until the shadows turned,  
Then, dancing, went its way ;  
No other little wind that blew  
Had such a pleasant day.

Ruth Baxter, Div. 11.

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### A PROPOS DE QUITTER L'ECOLE

**O**N doit se demander combien de personnes sentiront une légère tristesse, quand elles se trouveront au moment de sortir de ce grand monde scolastique, notre High School. Cette école a semblé si grande à notre entrée, et bientôt elle ne sera qu'un endroit de mémoires heureuses. Certainement de temps en temps tous se souviendront de cette période de géométrie en automne quand tout nous a tant ennuyé ; dehors le vent soufflait dans les arbres noirs sur les branches desquels se trouvaient encore quelques feuilles brunes et jaunes, ce même vent, qui secouait les fenêtres d'un bruit si inquietant. Et malheureusement nous penserons à l'hiver avec ses neiges et ses givres qui nous empêchent aussi de jouir d'une période d'Histoire que nous aimions si bien (?).

Puis après toute cette saison froide, après toute la neige d'hiver, nous ne pourrions guère oublier notre accueil chaud accordé à la saison des poètes, au



Printemps. Voici les cours de tennis qui sont encore pleines de joueurs gais ; on voit aussi des gens jouer au baseball ; quelquefois il y a un match ou l'on entend une grande foule pousser des "Bravos" nombreux et bruyants pour encourager leurs amis, en noir et or ; mais ce ne sont que deux d'entre les sports, joués sur les terrains verts de l'école.

L'été avec tout le ciel clair et bleu nous passons nos derniers jours à l'école ; c'est la saison où ont lieu la plupart des parties de classe auxquelles les professeurs sévères nous surprennent en perdant leur austerité d'école. Souvent, en dernier lieu, nous couronnons l'année à quelque plage tout près par un bon pique-nique animé où tout le monde est brûlé par les rayons du soleil. Le lendemain malgré les coups rouges et les voix rauques (Quels souvenirs désagréables !) nous arrivons à terminer heureusement nos derniers jours d'école.

—J. McLauchlin, Div. 1.

## The Charm of the Open Road

**F**EW, I fear, in this modern world of ours, appreciate the simple charm of the open roads. However, be the roads muddy with autumn rains, bleak beneath winter skies, or winding 'mid springtime woods, they always hold for me a certain subtle attraction. And so upon a certain morning in early spring I found myself up betimes and with the happy anticipation of an early walk.

The road I purposed to follow leads for the most part through fragrant woods with here and there a peaceful farm sleeping among lush fields. The ground rises slightly and I hoped to reach the summit of the gentle incline ere the sun forsook his rest behind the distant hill. Spring had as yet forgot her regal sway, for the hoary frost still clung upon the grass, awaiting the rising of the sun to wake it to a myriad scintillating jewels. Above the trees a faint ethereal mist, like a frail spirit, rose from a hidden lake. The air seemed full of a wonderful expectancy. It was as though all nature stood on tip-toe to catch the first smile of that spring morning as she peeped above the distant hills. The new life throbbed beneath one's feet with the eternal promise of the springtime. Perchance the very stream was dreaming of the sleeping violets which would one day wake and mirror their fair beauty in its shining depths. Who knows? 'Twould not be long, for truly Spring had passed that way already, and the moss was green where she had stepped upon it, and the young ferns had heard her voice and were unbending lazy heads beneath the undergrowth. All the shy voices of the woods coaxed one to linger in delight—but I would gain the hilltop ere the sunbeams, and watch the golden flakes of fluttering light upon the hills. So I hastened on. The still woods dropped behind me and beneath the growing light the long, low fields spread out on either side in a checker board of glowing greens and browns.





Not the least of the many attractions of the country road is to be found in the quaint, rustic folk whom one so often meets along the way: these simple people who seem almost a part of their own quiet countryside and who breathe of its freshness and vigour. Before I reached the summit of the slope I came upon one of these country characters, a bent old man with a face like a wizened russet, and clear kindly eyes. He gave me a pleasant greeting as we passed, and there came to my mind those words of Van Dyke, when he said, "If we can only come back to nature, and consider the flowers and the birds, and confess our faults and mistakes and our unbelief under the silent stars, and hear the river murmuring our absolution, we shall die young, even though we live long."

So, before I realized it, I had attained the hilltop, only just before the sun who presently awoke and flung his glowing banners to the clear pale sky. A few awakening farms lay scattered at my feet. Their lazy smoke rose hazily into the thin air. The fields about them were dotted with sheep and cows, which from my hilltop vantage appeared ridiculously miniature, like remnants of some small child's Noah's Ark.

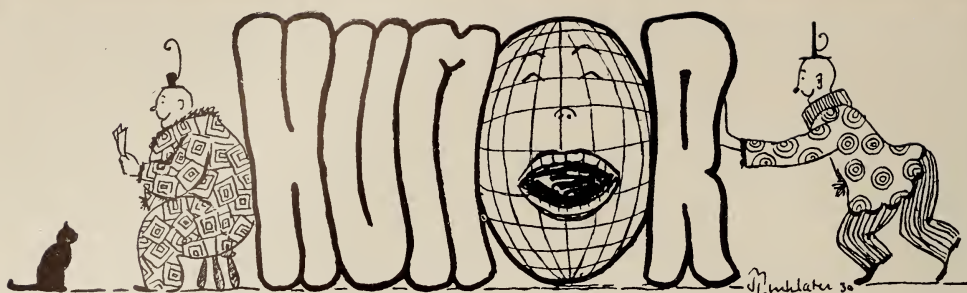
On, on I tramped, sinking ever lower into the pleasant valley. A bright farm boy was whistling somewhere in a field. A joyous lark was singing overhead, while the soft laughter of a nearby brook made a fitting accompaniment for both. A roguish urchin with a delightfully amiable smile bore down upon me from the top of a great farm gate. "Like apples?" was his laconic greeting, "Rather," I rejoined, and with a cherubic smile he forced two glowing beauties into my hand, and scuttled off like some timid rabbit. Before I had recovered from this surprise I came upon a charming cottage, half hidden behind a screen of leafy trees, and possessing the most fascinating cobbled path and privet hedge. This latter was being trimmed by a sweet old lady who nodded brightly to me over her neat handiwork and put down her shears to speak to me. After we had exchanged greetings and I had admired her hedge and flowers she enquired whether I had breakfasted. On hearing that I had not she invited me, with the native hospitality of these folk, to join her. A few minutes later I found myself upon her fair white porch, gazing out across the orchard slope, my heart full of the mystic meaning of my simple happiness.

Life has been truly likened to a road along which the earthly pilgrims journey. The road stretches far into the unknown future, but if we could keep in our hearts the sweetness and the freshness of the early dawn upon the hill-top road, at eventide the lengthening shadows would hold no terrors, friendly faces would greet us on our way, and in the mellowness of our departing day we should attain the summit of the long last hill, bathed in the radiant glory of the setting sun. So let us pray the poet's prayer—

"Lord give me hills

And strength to climb them."

—Marjorie Landman.



### TRIED TO TELL HER

A ten-year-old girl, fresh from her first skating on the lake, dashed into a room where her sister was sitting "holding converse" with her most particular young man acquaintance.

"Sis, you ought to have seen me," she breathlessly cried; "the first time I stood up my feet went right up in the air and I came plump down on my—."

"Minnie," interrupted the sister, getting uneasy.

"Well, what?" asked Minnie. "My legs just scooted from under me and I came down plump on my—."

"Minnie," screamed her sister, "leave the room instantly."

"But he's hurt," said Minnie.

"Hurt?" asked the sister. "Who's hurt?"

"Why, brother, I came down on him, only you wouldn't let me tell you."

\* \* \* \* \*

A janitor of a High School threw up his job the other day. When asked the trouble he said: "I'm honest, and I won't stand being slurred. If I find a pencil or handkerchief about the school when I am sweeping I hang or put it up. Every little while the teacher, or someone that is too cowardly to face me, will give me a slur. A little while ago I seen written on the board, 'Find the least common multiple.' Well, I looked from cellar to garret for that thing, and I wouldn't know the thing if I would meet it on the street. Last night, in big writin' on the blackboard, it said, 'Find the highest common factor.' 'Well,' I says to myself, 'both of them things is lost, now, and I'll be accused of takin' 'em, so I'll quit!'"

\* \* \* \* \*

Motorist: "I killed your cat, but I'll gladly replace the animal."

Old Maid: "Why—er—er—This is so sudden, and besides I'm afraid you can't catch mice."



## NEXT TIME?

Two boys were taking a quiet stroll after seeing a friend to the car when they came upon a small, dirty red-headed boy crying as if his heart were broken.

He was leaning against the side of a building. The boys enquired as to what the trouble was and were told that:

"I was selling papers and I earned fifty cents (sob, sob), and I lost it down the grating (more heart-rending sobs), and I—I can't go home."

"Never mind," said the boys, "we'll find your money for you," and without waiting any more sought out the caretaker of the building.

He proved to be a very obliging man and came out and looked down the grating, and said he would do what he could to get it, but he wanted to know just where it was dropped because it was very hard to get in to the place where the money was lost.

He followed the two to where the boy had been, and to their surprise he was—gone!

"Thought he would go home, I suppose," said the caretaker. "Hope his mother isn't hard on him."

After the caretaker had been duly thanked for his kindness, the two wended their way along, and, turning a corner they were amused to see a disconcerted young man with his sleeves rolled up hunting for something down a drain pipe. He was accompanied by a young lady who assisted him by smiling her sweetest.

"I suppose you don't happen to have a match?" he asked as they came along.

"No, we haven't," replied the boys, "have you lost something?"

"No, **we** haven't, but this little boy here has lost fifty cents."

They looked, and there, standing by the curb was the same small, dirty, red-headed boy, crying as if his heart was broken.

Almost before the boys had sighted him he was gone with a shout of terror. His game was up!

With vengeance in their hearts the two pursued him—around corners and up lanes, but he was gone!

"And when they next do meet again,  
May I be there to see."

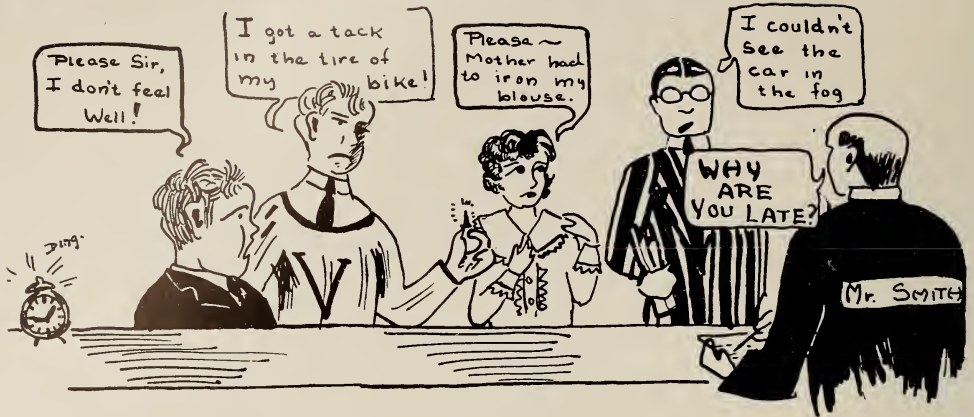
—F. Scammell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Muir: "So you borrowed the car last night to take the boys for a spin?"  
James: "Er—well—"

Mr. Muir: "It's all right, only one of them left his powder-puff under the seat."





## "THE INTERVIEW"

Doreen Kennelly

"Dear Sirs:—I am Wang. I can drive a typewriter with good noise and my English is great. My last job has left itself from me, for the good reason that the large man has dead. It was of no fault of mine. So, honourable sirs, what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on some date that you should guess."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Hughes: "Horsey, how many kinds of natural magnets are there?"

Horsey (absently): "Two, sir."

Mr. H. (surprised): "What are they?"

Horsey: "Blondes and brunettes."

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Thomas: "Translate 'Rex fugit.'"

Jones: "The king flees."

Miss T.: "Fiddlesticks! Can't you see it's perfect? Put in 'has.'"

Jones: "The king has fleas."

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Hamilton (looking sympathetic): "How did that bump come on your head, Petch?"

James: "Please, a thought struck me suddenly."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Webber (to class gathering round): "If this chemical explodes I'll be blown through the roof. Now come close so that you can follow me properly."

# SKETCHES ON THE "MATRIC" PLAY.



WINSOME CINDERELLA  
PEASANT MAID WAS SHE

BECAME THE  
PRINCE'S  
DARLING,  
A LADY OF  
HIGH  
DEGREE



DAVID ~ THE POLICEMAN ~  
WHO KNEW HIS METHODS  
TO BE  
INFALL-I-ABLE

MR. BODIE ~ THE ARTIST ~  
AND MRS. BODIE.



DOCTOR BODIE ~  
THE ARTIST'S  
SISTER



Doreen Kennelly



DANNY ~ WHO OBEYED THE DOCTOR  
~ (AFTER A FASHION)



## Girls' Athletics

**D**URING the last year a far greater interest in all branches of sport has been shown by an increased number of students. The different games now have an interest for practically every girl in the school, most of the interest being due to the fact that every student is given the chance to become proficient in the sport she goes in for. This chance is made possible by the system of inter-division competition, in softball, hockey, and track.

### TENNIS

Tennis is improving steadily and the standard of play is higher than it has been for some time.

Two tournaments a year are played, doubles in the fall, and singles in the spring.

Winners of doubles—F. Gibbs and D. Cameron.

Runners-up—C. Scott and E. Bland.

Winners of singles—M. Ewart.

Runner-up—T. Locke.

### TRACK

Sports day was a big success in every way last year, a good entry and fine weather helping to make it so. In the year scores, the Matrics gained 47 points to win first place, while the Juniors were second with 20 points.

Senior Champion—M. Ewart, 15 points.

Intermediate Champion—M. Bremner, 9 points.

Junior Champion—P. Sharp, 13 points.





#### **GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM**

Left to right—Alice Styan, Eleanor Trotter, Lois McMurchie, Miss Mona Miller,  
Alice Taylor, Catherine Alexander, Alice Lalonde



#### **LADIES' HOCKEY TEAM**

Back Row—Frances Gibbs (Capt.), Evelyn Schofield, Lydia Launchick, Iris Waters, Joyce  
Gibson, Norma Kinsman, Evelyn Johnson, Miss Mona Miller  
Front Row—Helen Beck, Catherine Torrence, Agnes Roe, Margaret Schofield, Ola Peetz



## SOFTBALL

School Team—J. Speed, B. MacMurchie, S. Gemmell, A. Taylor, C. Alexander, H. Beck, B. Armstrong, V. Foubister, V. Middleton, B. Bernard. Inter-division rivalry was very keen, each division entering a team. In the Finals Divs. 2 and 14 combined, beat Div. 37 in a very exciting match, 14 to 6.

Our school team also won its several matches with Normal, and finished the season with a brilliant win over a picked team from the Staff, which brought together the largest gallery of the season.

## SWIMMING

This year's gala was a big success, especially for the girls, as Eleanor Peden won the cup offered for the most number of points in the whole gala. Eleanor just managed to get a few more points than Bill Findlay, the boys' most dangerous bid for the cup.

## HOCKEY

School Team—F. Gibbs (Capt.), N. Kinsman, L. Lanchick, O. Peetz, A. Brewster, M. Schofield, E. Schofield, C. Torrence, J. Gibson, H. Beck, E. Johnson, M. Simpson (sub.).

This has been the very best season in many years for hockey, owing to the perfect weather of the winter term. Interdivision games were played and the students were able to boast of four school teams. Over sixty girls were actively interested in hockey.

### MATCH RESULTS

Oct. 11—V.H.S. 1st vs. Normal.....	3-0 won
Nov. 10—V.H.S. 1s vs. Oak Bay High.....	4-3 lost
Nov. 14—V.H.S. 2nd vs. Norfolk House.....	7-1 lost
Nov. 30—V.H.S. 1st vs. College.....	3-1 lost
Dec. 2—V.H.S. 1st vs. Normal.....	3-0 won
Dec. 17—V.H.S. 2nd vs. Norfolk House.....	5-1 lost
Feb. 26—V.H.S. 1st vs. Oak Bay High.....	2-1 lost
Feb. 27—V.H.S. 1st vs. Norfolk House.....	3-1 won
Mar. 8—V.H.S. 1st vs. Queen Margaret's.....	4-2 won
Mar. 17—V.H.S. 1st vs. St. Margaret's.....	2-1 won
Mar. 19—V.H.S. 1st vs. Oak Bay High.....	1-1 tie
Mar. 22—V.H.S. 1st vs. College.....	3-0 lost
Mar. 29—V.H.S. 1st vs. Queen Margaret's.....	5-1 lost
Apr. 3—V.H.S. 2nd vs. Central.....	3-1 won
Apr. 4—V.H.S. 3rd vs. Victoria West.....	2-1 won

### MAY TULLY SHIELD MATCHES

This year the shield was won by Oak Bay, in a close series. V.H.S. lost the first game, and tied the second, but a tie wasn't good enough, a win being necessary to even up the points. Next year we hope to get the shield back on our sports shelf. Game scores were:— (1) O.B.H., 2; V.H.S., 1. (2), O.B.H., 1; V.H.S., 1.





#### MATCH RESULTS

Oct. 17—V.H.S. 1st vs. St. Margaret's.....	23-13 lost
Jan. 20—V.H.S. 1st vs. St. Margaret's .....	17-16 lost
Jan. 20—V.H.S. 2nd vs. St. Margaret's.....	14-8 lost
Jan. 27—V.H.S. 1st vs. Normal.....	49-11 won
Feb. 21—V.H.S. 2nd vs. Normal.....	31-2 won
Feb. 21—V.H.S. 3rd vs. Normal.....	24-2 won
Feb. 22—V.H.S. 1st vs. Strathcona.....	36-26 lost
Feb. 22—V.H.S. 2nd vs. Strathcona.....	23-11 lost
Feb. 24—V.H.S. 1st vs. St. Margaret's.....	36-12 lost

#### BASKETBALL

School, 1st team—A. Taylor, C. Alexander, A. Lalonde, L. MacMurchie, A. Stayan, E. Trotter.

School, 2nd team—M. Peden, E. Peden, G. McCall, V. Middleton, J. Hopkins, P. Vincent.

The interdivision final between Div. 19 and Div. 12 was one of the best games of the year. This series of matches was started in October and four matches a week were played, a final knockout series being arranged to decide the winner. This distinction was won by Div. 12, team composed of the following girls:—G. McDonald, C. Crawford, B. Wingate, B. Maguire, M. Peacock, T. Hall, R. Halet.

Our two school teams have had several good matches, the results being given below. The play of A. Taylor and C. Alexander was outstanding.

## Boys' Athletics

Another school year is almost finished and another page of athletic history is nearly completed. The different teams have all worked hard for victory and if they have been defeated they know that it was meeting a better team was responsible. All the members of the various teams as well as the coaches of those teams deserve to be congratulated upon the excellent work they have done.

#### RUGBY

Only three members of last year's rugby squad were on hand to turn out for the opening workouts. These were Colgate, L. Bapty and MacMurchie. Excellent material turned up, however, in Hood, Leeming, Mabee, Humber and others. This year we played University School, defeating and being defeated once. Our old rivals, Brentwood College, have beaten us twice while we beat them once. In the first game, at Brentwood, the black and gold lost 6-3; the next game, at home, we won 6-3 with a small casualty list:—Humber, our flashy "three q." suffering a dislocation of the thumb, Lund, a strained back, and Cuzner "laid out" two or three times. In the next game with Brentwood our players suffered a severe setback, being at the wrong end of a 11-5 score. In this game "Mac" Leeming, our hefty centre scrum, was unfortunate enough to break his leg and was away from High for about two months. Coach Harry Smith certainly deserves credit for the way he has worked the team. Better luck next year, Mr. Smith.



## BASKETBALL

The basketball team has had a particularly successful year and Mr. Campbell, the coach, deserves a great deal of credit for what the team has done. Chapman was the only player who wore the black and gold uniform last year to turn out for the fall work-outs but some excellent new material being discovered, we soon had an excellent quintette of hoopsters. This team entered



### BASKETBALL TEAM

Back—A. MacKeachie, J. Petch, Mr. Campbell (Coach), W. Shields, M. Patrick, F. MacDonald  
Front—L. Patrick, A. Chapman (Captain), H. Shephard

the Intermediate "B" League (under 18 years) but as there were no other entries in this section they had to enter the Intermediate "A" (under 21 years). In the Island Intermediate "B" League they came out at the top, beating Ladysmith 30-27 and Port Alberni 60-17, and annexed the Island Championship. The "Durkins," the Vancouver Intermediate "A" Champions from the Chalmers United Church, came, played, and went home again minus the "bacon." The defeating of this team was one of the big events of the basketball diary of this year. The next big game was with the First United "Doodads." This team are the Intermediate "A" champions of the Island and the



#### **RUGBY TEAM**

Back Row—R. Lund, A. Chapman, Mr. H. Smith (Coach), A. Hood, C. Holland  
 3rd Row—E. DeBlacquiére, M. Leeming, T. Colgate, L. Patrick, G. Thorpe  
 2nd Row—R. Carey, J. Petch  
 1st Row—Milligan, P. W. Cuzner, R. Maybee (Capt.), L. Bapty, G. Scott



#### **SOCCER TEAM**

Back Row—Mr. W. Roper, D. Laird, H. Dawson, A. Hood, G. Thorpe, T. Colgate,  
 L. Kennedy, Mr. Cumberbirch  
 Front—H. Youston, W. Lund, McKenzie, T. Halket, L. Patrick, L. Bapty





black and gold boys beat them 20-11. The team, desiring more laurels, entered the City Knockout League and reached the semi-finals safely. The last game was a wonder to behold and after a severe fight against adverse conditions High School lost to Keatings, the winners, by two points. During the whole season this team of basket getters suffered only two setbacks, which is some record! The whole team deserves a great deal of credit for putting up such an excellent showing.

The basketball quintette added another victory to their already long list of wins on May 3, when they brought the Ryerson "Rockets" into camp with a 17-21 score. This doughty team from Vancouver are the Intermediate "B" champions of the Mainland, but our black and gold boys proved to be just a little bit superior. This game, unfortunately, was not an official championship as the time for playing of championship games had expired.

### ICE-HOCKEY

Another sport which has been absent from the school sports calendar for several terms made a reappearance this year, the sport of ice-hockey. As Fate would have it, the revival of this game was staged in the year that the Arena burned down; and, as even a Prelim. knows, an Arena is necessary to play ice-hockey in this country. The team was formed and the following members played:—Colgate, L. Patrick, M. Patrick, T. Fox, F. McDonald, E. deBlacquier, A. Chapman.

The team played the staff and after a very exciting game came out at the long end of a 7-5 count. The black and gold then went to Vancouver where they were defeated by the Vancouver team that won the B.C. Championship, 7 to 3. There is some excuse for this setback considering that the team did not have any ice to practice on. Mr. Cook, of the staff, acted as coach to the team and deserves a great deal of praise for the way the boys handled themselves in Vancouver.

### SOCCER

Coaches Cumberbirch and Roper had quite a few members of last year's team ready to turn out at the call for first practice. Those who once again donned the uniform of High were Hood, Colgate, Halkett, Kennedy, Youson and Thorpe. After several practices, the team played an "All-Star Public School" team (the "Fragments of France" team) and defeated them 7-0. The second big game was a very thrilling one. The black and gold boys played a Nanaimo High School team and after ten minutes overtime, the score still remained one all. All the players turned in an excellent game, but Hood, our staunch net guardian, deserves special mention for some of the wonderful saves he made. The opposing team shot them in at all angles but "Alf" was right there.

The re-play with the Nanaimo High took place on May 3rd. The team were on their toes all the time, and came out on the long end of a 4-1 count. This game was very important as it was emblematic of the Island Championship, and with its winning another piece of silverware (the Thompson Cup) comes to grace our Library for a year (and if some prophets are to be believed, for a good many years).

### RUNNING AND WRESTLING

This year, one of the students of the High School, Fred Loeffler, has projected himself into public notice by winning two very important events.

Some time before Easter, Fred went to New Westminster and "wrestled" the B.C. title away from a Vancouver man. Fred fought in the 123lb. class, and is now a real "Champeen." On Good Friday, not being content with one title, he went out and won the Junior Road Race. We think that if Fred keeps up the way he has started he will certainly climb to the top of the mat and running games.

### BOXING

Also before Easter, a student of our school, who is a member of the "glove-slinging fraternity" went to Vancouver to compete for the B.C. Boxing Titles. This person was Arnold Dawkins, of Div. 9. Arnold fought a four-round bout with a Vancouver man and lost the final by the referee's decision. Dawkins was placed second in the bantamweight class and if he continues to "mix them" as he has started—well, someone had better look out!

### TENNIS

The High School tennis courts have been open for some time now and adherents of the racket-slinging game are innumerable. At the time this magazine goes to press the tournaments are just beginning.

### BASEBALL

Coach Cook has now got his pitchers, catchers, fielders, batters, and "what have you" out practising on the old diamond and from their looks we might readily say that we have the makings of a very good team. The main competition is an inter-class league and we would not like to say who will win it.





### SPORTS DAY

Once again a sports day is approaching and the athletically inclined of our noble institution are beginning to limber up their limbs and are starting to prance up and down the greensward.

As there are no outstanding people this year except Fred Loeffler, our husky five-miler, we cannot offer any forecasts as to who will place where.

### SWIMMING GALA

The High School's second annual swimming gala took place in early February at the Crystal Gardens. Through the public-spiritedness of Div. 21, a cup was made available to the person scoring the most number of points in a certain number of races. This cup was won by Eleanor Peden after a decidedly close competition. This gala proved to be an excellent affair and interest was heightened when two High School teams made their debut in the fashionable and exciting game of water-polo. This game proved to be very fast and the spectators thoroughly enjoyed it. Among our swimming stars are:— Eleanor Peden, Helen Beck, Johnny Newbigging, Bill Mayers and Bill Findlay.

### GYM DISPLAY

The Annual Gymnasium Display was held on the evenings of May 16th and 17th in the school gym. It proved exceedingly popular, a large crowd being present both nights. The programme was as follows:

- |                         |                                  |
|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Apparatus work—Boys. | 8. Physical Training—Boys.       |
| 2. Skipping—Girls.      | 9. Sword and Stick Dances.       |
| 3. Danish Folk Dances   | 10. Apparatus—Boys.              |
| (a) Gustav Skool.       | 11. Wand Drill—Girls.            |
| (b) The Hatter.         | 12. Tumbling—Boys.               |
| 4. Lee and Oliphant.    | 13. Gypsy Dance—Girls.           |
| 5. Apparatus Work—Boys. | 14. Pyramids and Tumbling—Girls. |
| 6. Clubs—Girls.         |                                  |
| 7. English Folk Dances  |                                  |
| (a) The Old Mole.       |                                  |
| (b) Newcastle.          |                                  |

The greatest credit is due to Miss Miller and Mr. Roper for planning and carrying out this most successful affair. The applause on the occasion must have shown them how much the school appreciates their efforts.

### TRACK MEET

The Editors greatly regret that owing to the fact of The Camosun going to press early in May, the results of the Track Meet cannot be published. Interest in the event has been especially keen this year, many students turning out regularly to practice. Among the Senior Girls, Beverley Vaio (in the High Jump), Alice Taylor and Pauline Vincent are expected to do very well. Among the outstanding Intermediates are Margaret Bremner, Joan Hopkins and Peggy Brindle. Juniors who have shown especial promise are Jennie Ward, Beatrice Hastings and Irene Holmes. Among the boys, James Petch and Bruce Humber are the most outstanding all-round athletes, although many others are competing keenly for individual events.

### WANTED TO KNOW

1. "A new excuse for not having my Latin done?"—Griffith Jones.
2. "If singing alto in the choir will really make my voice low?"—Vera C.
3. "What to do with the right spoon when I get it?"—E. Timothy.
4. "The best way to get home in Vancouver after 1 a.m?"—A. Marling.
5. "How to be a successful class mascot?"—E. Nixon.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Cook: "Why in the world are you so late, Gordon?"

Gordon: "Miss Macfarlane made me stay in and learn all the kings of England since 1900."



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## The Isle of Doom

Straight up from the gloomy waters rose the bleak cliffs, and on a high jut of dark slippery stone stood the tall bare lighthouse.

The figure of a man appeared on the narrow path leading along the cliffs. This was Peter Horton, one of the three keepers of the Flannan Lighthouse. His usually melancholy face was brightened by a smile; and in his hand he carried a letter. Letters were very welcome at all times in the lonely lighthouse, but to Peter Horton none so welcome as those from his little daughter, Elsie. It was a bright letter, full of future plans and childish whims, asking her father to gather a few pretty shells for her collection or to draw a picture of the island for her so that she could look at it and think of him. Finishing the letter, he stuffed it into his pocket; and as he was off duty for a few hours, started off along the path with a smiling face, to look for shells.

His smile faded, though, and a feeling almost of depression seemed to enter his mood when he glanced about at the gloomy contours of the rocks, the fearsome black reefs and towering steepes. He began to think about the strange birds that had been hovering about the island lately. Then, for no reason whatever, his mind turned to thoughts of the former keepers of that lighthouse, who, one and all, had met with a strange unknown fate. Why should these birds bring such thoughts to his mind? True, they were strange, but then, what had that to do with him? He laughed a little shakily as if to reassure himself. The island, with its gloomy rocks, was upsetting him, he thought, continuing his search.

Stooping to pick up a delicate pearly shell, he noticed a queer large yellowish one, larger than any he had before seen. Picking it up and examining it he decided that it must be of a variety which is to be found only at certain times of the year. Then he wondered if it might be the contents of these shells that were attracting those huge birds.

Suddenly, over his head he heard the flapping of wings and looking up he was horrified to see one of the great birds darting straight at him. It was the first time he had observed one closely and a tingle of real horror went down his spine as he gazed transfixed while the monster bird swooped down upon him.

\* \* \*

A few hours later, when Horton should have returned for duty, his friend, Jed Falkoner, mildly anxious about his long absence, decided to stroll along the cliffs to where he had seen Horton earlier in the day. Seeing no sign of him, Falkoner became alarmed. A strong feeling of dread came over him. He too, had noticed the birds; and their coming to him, seemed to predict disaster. For a moment he stood silently on the edge of the cliff looking down into the still water below. The silence was suddenly broken by the voice of Wallace, the third keeper. "For God's sake, man! Look out!" But the warning came too late and all Wallace heard was the whirr of wings, a terrified shriek, a faint splash, then—silence.

Horror-stricken, Wallace stood rooted to the spot. His mind, numb with terror, refused to function; and only when one of the giant birds wheeled towards him did he realize the full extent of his danger.

Then, taking to his heels, he ran madly up the winding steps of the lighthouse.

All that night, while keeping his lonely vigil, he was haunted by the thoughts of the whirling wings and ripping talons and the horrible fate of his companions. There passed two days of terrible suspense while he remained in the lighthouse tortured by his thoughts, his reason gradually wavering. Then one evening as he sat down to his lonely supper, he imagined he heard the wings beating the air behind him. With a hoarse cry he rushed from the lighthouse and throwing himself over the cliff found solace in the deep.

Was the fate of those three men the same as of their predecessors? Did they, too, die fighting beating wings and steel-like talons, or were they driven mad by the horrible thoughts of such a death? If so, well may the superstitious natives call the island "The Isle of doom."

—Margaret Ferguson.

(An attempt to solve the Flannan Isle Mystery).

Here lies the remains of a radio fan,  
Now mourned by his many relations;  
He went to a powder mill, smoking his pipe,  
And was picked up by twenty-one stations.

Always do a deed of kindness,  
Do not say you don't know how;  
Should you ever see a cowslip  
Quickly run to help the cow;  
Stand and boldly face the bulrush  
If your little sister's near;  
When and if you hear a footfall  
Do not faint, and show no fear.

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styles at all times.

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service when you buy Dad,  
Brother or that Other Fel-  
low his next Tie?

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## The Rumble Seat

### Victoria Model Aircraft League

The modern mode of travel is by air. The modern topic of conversation is aeroplanes large, small and model. Last fall the now historic Schneider Cup races were held and the world was talking more than ever of the air, its possibilities and handicaps.

Early last November Victoria began to be "air-minded." This feeling of air-mindedness was sponsored by Miss Grace Smith of the High School teaching staff and Mr. Vivian Shoemaker of the Y. M. C. A. These two people were instrumental in getting a number of citizens interested in forming a Model Aircraft League. The idea of such a league spread rapidly throughout the city. A meeting of all those interested was held, with the result that a constitution was adopted and the Victoria Model Aircraft League was under way. Another meeting was held, the officers were elected and a programme outlined. The basic aim of this club is to promote the construction, knowledge and flying of model aircraft. Since that memorable day the League has been growing steadily until now it has about two hundred members, the majority of whom are High School students. The executive elected to take charge of the League's affairs until June was composed with one exception of High School students. These officers were:—Wing Commanding Officer, Rowland Horsey; Wing Lieutenant, Kenneth Graham; Wing Recording Officer, Bill Findlay; Wing Equipment Officer, Earl Pollock.

Building of these miniature planes started immediately and enthusiasm ran high. The first Victoria Model Aircraft Indoor Meet was held in the V.H.S. Gymnasium in January. This novel event was attended by many who were very enthusiastic over the small planes which circled, climbed, dove and landed as if pilots were in the cockpits guiding them.

At the time of going to press preparation is being made for the first Outdoor Meet which is scheduled to take place on May 24th. This meet decides the Island Champions who will have a chance to go to Vancouver for the British Columbia titles. The League has had a very successful year and will be thoroughly organized and ready to start work again in September.

Pat was spending the night in a haunted room. Suddenly a voice moaned "There's only you and me—there's only you and me."

"Begorra," cried Pat, "there'll only be you when I get this other boot on."

Roy Gibbs tells the story that his musical education saved his life during a great flood.

"How's that?" inquire his companions, greatly interested.

Roy: "Well, when the water struck our house, my father got on a bed and floated down the stream and I accompanied him on the piano.

### Student-Adviser's Letter Box (We answer all questions personally)

Ques.: "How may I prevent stuttering? It handicaps me in all ways."—I. Stutter.

Ans.: "I advise you to keep your mouth shut."

\* \* \*

Ques.: "Why do teachers delight in giving us such large quantities of homework?"

Ans.: "Because they can find no other legal way to retaliate for the bad answers of the pupils."

\* \* \*

Ques.: "If two hens lay four eggs in half the time it takes to cultivate four weeds, what is the value of x?"—Puzzled Prelim.

Ans.: "I should think you could do your own problems."

\* \* \*

Ques.: "If the ten-to bell does not ring, how will we know when to stop playing tennis?"

Ans.: "When you perceive the over-enthusiastic students zealously clamouring to gain admittance to the building then you know it is time to stop playing."

\* \* \*

Ques.: "I have heard that Matrics. know everything. Is that correct?"

Ans.: "If the Matrics. knew what they thought they knew they would not need to study for the examinations."

\* \* \*

Ques.: "Who are the Anzacs?"

Ans.: "They are a ferocious half-cannibal tribe that live in the heart of Africa."

\* \* \*

Ques.: "Why are 'idols' put in The Camosun?"

Ans.: "Every year The Camosun has a great surplus amount of cash (?) and they insert these (idols) as a humorous way of expending the above-mentioned cash."

\* \* \*

Ques.: "What are the five senses?"

Ans.: "A nickel."

\* \* \*

Ques.: "Why are periods never skipped in V.H.S?"

Ans.: "The students need the sleep."

\* \* \*

Ques.: "If a student studies three hours a night for two weeks, what will it be?"

Ans.: "A mental case."

Rastus: "Ef yo' says anything ter me ah'll make yo' eat yo' words, man."

Exodus: "Chicken Drumplings, hot biscuits and watermelon."

### High Spots on the Vancouver Trip

A report of engine trouble caused quite a stir on the way over until the disturbance was traced to a lifeboat, wherein our Greek delegate had sought a few moments of quiet (?) slumber.

\* \* \*

Among the many important items dealt with at the Assembly was the proposal of the Timbuktu delegate for the reduction of the Swiss navy.

\* \* \*

The lavish hospitality extended to the League may be suggested by the fact that the butler greeted our Irish delegate on the first morning with, "What bawth salts do you prefer in your bawth, sir?"—to which Bob nonchalantly replied, "Lavendah, old deah."

\* \* \*

After circulating about on the Giant Dipper numerous times and imbibing large quantities of hot-dogs it is said that one of the delegates from Great Britain was forced to leave the street-car in somewhat of a hurry, poor fellow.

\* \* \*

Teacher: "And how did you get along at your host's place?"

Ed.: "Pretty well, but I was somewhat put back by the formidable array of cutlery."

Teacher: "And did you find the right spoon?"

Ed.: "Certainly, but I didn't know what to do with it."

\* \* \*

One of the delegates is said to have been almost a mental case when asked, "Can I put a chauffeur at your disposal today?" . . . The person recovered before the ambulance had arrived.

\* \* \*

Time, 3 a.m.; Place, front door of host's home; Condition, locked out.

Greenslade: "I say, Metro, lend me your overcoat."

Metro: "Sure, old thing, here you are" (unsuspectingly).

Greenslade: "That's fine. Now I can sleep in comfort."

He then rolls up and soon loud snores resound up and down the street.

Metro (in desperation): "Give me my overcoat or I'll . . ."

Further calamity was averted by the host (in pyjamas) opening the door.

Beneath a spreading chestnut tree

The village auto stands,

The driver is a dusty man

With trouble on his hands;

The carbureter seems to be

The cause of all his woe.

He taps it and cleans it out

But still the thing won't go;

When looking back toward the rear

A small defect is seen;

The cause of all the trouble is

He's out of gasoline.

# Opportunity

The old theory about opportunity has been exploded; she not only "knocks once at every man's door," but many times. We start from where we are, and opportunity beckons us today. Your opportunity to attain good health is NOW! Consult your physician NOW and start on the road to the joys of Good Health.

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## The Rumble Seat

### Howlers

"Pas de deux" father of twins.

\* \* \*

In 1713 Arcadia passed into the hands of the British for the last time.

\* \* \*

Question: Describe Sir Lancelot as the Lady of Shalott saw him from her window. Gems from Prelim. answers:

There was a purple plum on the top of Sir Lancelot's helmet.

Sir Lancelot's horse was a spirited and charming beast.

Sir Lancelot's horse had polished hoof-protectors of bright steel.

Sir Lancelot wore a golden brassiere.

Sir Lancelot wore a long-tailed coat with tassels.

When the Lady of Shalott seen Sir Lancelot he was sitting in a canoe in the middle of the river and singing "Tra la la."

\* \* \*

"Scots Wha Hae" was the spirited address that Robert Burns delivered to his troops before he led them to victory at the Battle of Bannockburn.

\* \* \*

Great improvements in lighting have taken place in modern times. It is a far step from the single wax taper of our forefathers to that great invention of Thomas Edison—the Milky Way.

\* \* \*

Zeno taught that all men have immoral souls.

\* \* \*

Socrates' motto was "Eat, Drink, and Be Merry, for Tomorrow Ye Die."

\* \* \*

The League of Geneva floated alone. The Graeco-Bulgarian dispute was caused by a shot being fired on the Greek boarder.

\* \* \*

Initiative is that property of a body which enables it to resist a change of state.

\* \* \*

Burns was a poet of the Many Evil Period.

The shades of night were falling fast, As through the park a bootlegger passed; He carried bottles filled with gin. But all were safely stored within Excelsior. Excelsior.

To publish all the things he knew, A hundred volumes took; And yet he did not know enough To fill a pocket-book.

### LIMERICKS

A lady who lived in Ohier,  
Had trouble in starting her fire;  
She used kerosene,  
For the fuel was green,  
Now she's gone where the fuel is drier.

\* \* \*

A young office-boy in great haste,  
Upset a large bottle of paste;  
"This is awful," he said,  
"And it certainly has a queer taste."  
—Joyce Dixon (23).

\* \* \*

A boy who arrived late for school,  
Was caned with a hard piece of fuel;  
And now very sore  
He has promised once more  
That he'll never again break the rule.  
—F. Scammell (23).

\* \* \*

There was a young lady named Judit',  
She took up a fat worm and chewed it;  
When that gave her a cramp  
She turned up the lamp,  
And said, "O my heavens, how cood it?"  
—J. Wiles (23)

\* \* \*

There was a young man from Berlin,  
Who sat on the end of a pin;  
He said with a shout,  
As he pulled the pin out,  
"I'll see this don't happen agin."  
—G. Macdonald (16).

\* \* \*

A small boy who courted disaster,  
Once made a rude face at a master;  
The foolish young imp  
Now walks with a limp,  
He simply can't go any faster.  
—J. Parnall (16).

\* \* \*

"To your verse there is no rhyme or reason,  
You write about things out of season";  
"I know it," said he,  
And he looked at the sea,  
"I write verse without rhyme or reason."  
—Irene Curtis (23).

\* \* \*

As a scholar I'm not very bright,  
Though I study my homework each night;  
My history's all troubles  
My French, blowing bubbles;  
Still I hope to win out in the fight.  
—Peggie Kirby (23).

\* \* \*

In Paris there lives a great man,  
Who does things as well as he can;  
One day long ago,  
With shovel and hoe,  
He managed to fill a dust-pan.  
—Mary Irving (23).

\* \* \*

There was a young lady named Larkin',  
Who met with some trouble in sparkin';  
Don't think for a minute  
There's anything in it—  
I merely refer to her parkin'.  
—Joan Pears (23).

### Amo

The verb "I love" I learned at school,  
"We love," let us now say together  
"Thou lovest," followed next in rule,  
So that does prove we love each other.

I've been told to love my brother,  
But so old I now have grown  
That I love someone else's brother  
Far better than my own. —Div. 28.

\* \* \*

Levesque: "Have you any proof Green-slade hit you in the eye?"

Findlay: "Why, here it is in black and white."

\* \* \*

Dick (looking up from newspaper): "I say, Jim, what is the Order of the Bath?"

Jim: "Well, as I have experienced it, it's first too hot, then too cold, then you're short of a towel, then you step on the soap, and finally, the telephone rings."

\* \* \*

Pat: "Do you believe in dreams, Mike?"  
Mike: "Faith, and I do. Last night I dreamt I was awake and this morning my dream came true."

\* \* \*

Mr. Smith: "How many times have I told you not to be late for school?"

Jones: "I don't know sir, I thought you were keeping score."

\* \* \*

A private was shaving himself in the open air when his sergeant came along.

Sergeant: "Do you always shave outside?"

Private: "Of course I do, do you think I am fur-lined?"

\* \* \*

Teacher: "Johnny, if your father could save one dollar a week for four weeks what would he have?"

Johnny: "A radio, an electric refrigerator, a new suit and a lot more furniture."

### A Summer Night

As I stand at the door of my cottage,  
Watching the sun sink down,  
I see, far away 'gainst the glow of the sky,  
The spires of the distant town.

I feel, as I stand in the doorway,  
How grand it is to be free,  
To be able to play at leisure  
In the fields of my own country.

As the sun's last ray is sinking,  
I hear the voice of a boy;  
He is coming home from the cornfield,  
And is singing a song of joy.

But hark, what is he singing,  
As it floats on the still evening air?  
I hear once again, the oft-heard refrain  
Of dear old "Come to the Fair."  
—Ruth Baxter (11)



# Victoria College

*In Affiliation with  
the University of  
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Located at Victoria, B. C., in the heart of the best residential section of the city — provides exceptional opportunities to students taking the first two years of the Arts Course, the work being the same as that of the University.

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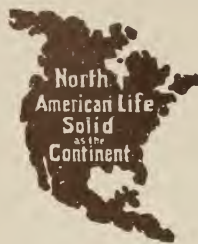
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